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THE STANDARD.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Wednesday Evening, May 11.

THE closing meeting of the Society was held at the Cooper Institute, on Wednesday evening, and was attended by a large and intelligent audience, which entirely filled the spacious hall. Most of those present were, evidently, in full sympathy with the anti-slavery movement, and the radical utterances of the several speakers called forth the utmost enthusiasm.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. GARRISON, who announced that the exercises would commence by the singing of an appropriate song by James G. Clark, the poet-vocalist of Western New York.

Mr. Clark sang "The People's Advent," which was heartily applauded.

The PRESIDENT—I wish to submit a resolution to the meeting, which I have no doubt will meet your acceptance:

Resolved, That this meeting would record its gratification at the evidences that have been furnished, from time to time, of the extensive and deep sympathy felt by the majority of the people of Great Britain with the people of America in their struggle with the enemies of freedom and free institutions; and amongst those evidences, we refer with especial pleasure to the noble and self-denying conduct of the industrial classes of the manufacturing districts, to the numerous addresses and resolutions adopted in public meetings, to the fraternal letter received in this country with the signatures of nearly four thousand ministers of religion, of various denominations, and to a similar document signed by nearly two thousand of the clergy of Scotland. Also to the timely and eloquent utterances of such representatives of public sentiment as George Thompson (loud applause), John Bright (renewed applause), John Stuart Mill, William Edward Foster, Profs. Cairns and Newman, Gen. Perronet Thompson, Revs. Baptist Noel and Newman Hall, Profs. Goldwin Smith and Nichol, Washington Wilkes and Henry Vincent; and also to the strengthening testimonies of such journals as the London *Morning Star* (applause), *The Daily News*, the Leeds *Mercury*, the Manchester *Examiner* and *Times*, and *The Caledonian Mercury*.

In paying this tribute of our gratitude to the friends on the other side of the Atlantic whose hearts are palpitating with our own, and mingling with all our aspirations on the side of freedom, I may say, without invidiousness, that of all those who have been the most efficient in calling forth the expressions of the people of England in favor of our government and against the Southern Confederacy, no man is comparable to George Thompson, who is soon to address you (loud applause). And that you may have testimony on this subject better than my own, let me read an extract from a letter of a distinguished minister of the Established Church—one of the delegation with the Rev. Dr. Massie, who brought over the address signed by more than four thousand of the clergy of Great Britain—I refer to the Rev. John H. Rylance:

"Now, if the American people be disposed to award no higher acknowledgment to these efforts than that they were friendly, to that extent Mr. George Thompson merits their kindliest recognition, for he bore, far beyond all comparison, the lion's share in the work. The inspiration of the occasion made the man young again, and he almost flew throughout England and Scotland, to dispel ignorance, to subdue prejudice, to combat malice, that thus he might bring the good will and sympathy of the British people to the aid of America in the hour of her great need.

"What I wish especially to be observed in this connection is, that *he did this not merely as an Abolitionist*; for Mr. Thompson had the sagacity to see very early in the struggle that human freedom was only one among the many solemn interests threatened by the rebellion; so that he climbed a higher platform, and lost merely party views and aims in a generous enthusiasm to sustain the American government, not doubting that in the issue of the war the one great interest for which he had lived and labored would be found redeemed and consecrated by the fierce sacrament of blood.

"Had your many readers been witnesses with me of Geo. Thompson's labors—how he sometimes dragged himself from a sick bed and cheerfully travelled hundreds of miles to address meetings which no other man could sway with such surpassing eloquence and power, and all this without a cent of reward; had they seen, as I have, vast assemblies rise under his appeals to demand that rebel ram building should we stop; ped, then I am sure there would be no lack of honor to the noble man who is amongst us for a time. However this may be, whether the American people evince their esteem for such a man or not, one thing is sure—the rebels and their friends in England *dread* him more than any other man in Europe, and perhaps this is the higher compliment of the two" (loud applause).

I have now the pleasure of introducing the true friend of our country, of free institutions, of universal liberty—GEORGE THOMPSON, of England.

Speech of George Thompson.

Mr. Thompson was received with enthusiastic and prolonged applause. When silence was restored, he spoke as follows:

I thank you, Mr. President, for the resolution you have submitted to this meeting, and I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the cordial manner in which you have received it—may I say, *adopted* it? (Applause.) In all that is therein expressed, I can perfectly agree, except in regard to the application of its terms of encomium to myself. I will pass that over, however, as soon as I can, and leave a topic by no means grateful to me, and come to matters more immediately interesting to yourselves; and as it is but little more than three months since I left England, and as for three years previously I was occupied chiefly in the discussion of matters relating to the slaveholders' rebellion, the rupture of the States, the progress of the war, and the prospects of Union and emancipation, it may not be inappropriate if I address to you some remarks illustrative of the state of popular sentiment on the other side of the Atlantic.

Allow me, then, to say that in Great Britain, at this moment, the community is very distinctly divided in opinion, feeling, and sympathy, on what is called the "American Question," or Secession *versus* Union. Children of the same family, boys in public and private schools, students in the colleges and universities, the members and frequenters of mechanic's institutions, lyceums, forums, and debating societies, the members of our various West-end clubs, our quarterly reviews, our monthly magazines, and our weekly and daily journals, are all divided into North and South.

First among the newspapers that, during your terrible conflict with the South, have taken part against you, stands *The Times* (hisses). It is one of the most widely circulated of our journals—is the best written, and is, perhaps, the most influential. It has a host of imitators, who, when unable to equal their great original in the talent for which it is distinguished, and in its power of mischief, contrive to excel it in the depth of their malignity and the coarseness of their vituperation.

Would you like a sample, just to give you some idea of the way in which you are spoken of by the Copperhead journals of England? I will only give you a very slight taste—its flavor will show you of what its bulk consists. Here, for instance, is a specimen from the columns of one of our low-priced London daily papers—*The Standard;* a newspaper of the good old Tory school, that has sworn that it will not be wiser to-morrow than it is to-day (laughter). The Tory *Standard*, speaking of your President and the members of his Cabinet, says:

"The weakness of Mr. Lincoln, the dull insolence of Mr. Seward, the puzzle-headed incapacity of Mr. Chase, the boastful helplessness of Mr. Stanton—all find characteristic expression in the Message of Mr. Lincoln to Congress. The men entrusted with the administration of affairs at Washington are hardly fit to direct the councils of a parish vestry. The democracy of America is an aristocracy of blackguards. * * * Mr. Welles is conspicuous only for his impudence, but Mr. Jefferson Davis is a gentleman" [roars of laughter].

Such is the language of one of the organs of the Copperhead Conservative party.

Now let me furnish you with a sample from one of the most widely circulated amongst the organs of the Liberal party—the London *Telegraph:*

"There are many points of resemblance between the Americans of the North and the Chinese. When the yellow dwarf of Pekin scrawls with the vermillion pen an edict proclaiming Great Britain his vassal, the dirty idiot no doubt believes in his own majesty. (That, you will say, is a very high compliment to the emperor of all the Celestials!) When a Frenchman, spindled like a milliner, in effeminate buckram, assures his audience at a coffee shop that he might have married the daughter of an English peer, perhaps the ape in woman's stays is unconscious of his lunacy. When, therefore, a trans-Atlantic long-shanks, a jaundiced, ricketty, lantern-faced and knock-kneed specimen of overgrown squalor, boasts that he can whip all the rest of mankind, it is just possible that the noisome braggard means what he says" [great merriment].

I need scarcely say that such spiteful and scurrilous effusions excite only the intense loathing and disgust of well-informed persons, and indeed of all, whether well or ill-informed, who are sensible of what is due from the public writers of one country to the people of another.

The great majority of the people of England have seen with regret and indignation the course pursued by *The Times* towards this country, during the period of your deadly conflict with the enemies of freedom in the slave States; its sympathy with the men-stealing traitors and despots of the South; the aid and comfort it has given to the rebels, and the yet more despicable Copperheads of the North (loud applause); its systematic misrepresentation of the measures of the government, and its insolent abuse of the people of the free States; the almost diabolical ingenuity of its correspondents, who have distorted the plainest facts, made the most glaring misstatements, often suppressed the most important information, and for years have acted as though they had been appointed and paid to exert their utmost powers to effect the ruin of this country. Yet, no men better than the writers for *The Times*, whether at home or abroad, have understood the principles and objects of the disunionists and traitors with whom you have been called to contend. When South Carolina seceded from the Union, and for some time afterwards, that paper took a just and enlightened view of the controversy between the two sections of the country. It represented your enemies as wickedly attempting to rend "the mightiest confederation the world has seen;" that their object was to repress free discussion by the tar barrel and the pine fagot, and to found an empire based upon slavery, the revival of the infernal African slave trade, and the degradation of human labor—whether performed by the white man or the black man. But as soon as it saw the possibility of the South accomplishing its object, it became the advocate of the views and interests of that party which it has from the beginning of its career supported. That party is composed of the aristocracy, the landocracy, and the moneyocracy of the country. *The Times* is not, and never has been, a representative of the liberal, progressive and reforming masses of the British people. On the contrary, it has obstructed, resisted, ridiculed and traduced every reform movement, and every distinguished reformer. For two years and a half it has acted towards the friends of Union and the North, in England, as it has acted in respect of every humane and liberal movement in former years. It has ignored the hundreds of Union and Emancipation meetings that have been held, or if it has been forced to notice some great demonstration, it has stigmatized it by abusive epithets, and has poured contempt upon the men who have taken part in it. Until the pressure from without compelled the government to take measures to prevent the fitting out of any more piratical vessels, it was the champion of the Lairds and Lindsays, and the other shameless violators of the Queen's proclamation (loud applause); but when it got its cue from headquarters, it turned round, and with the same earnestness, and equal ingenuity, argued against the building of rams, and the equipment of war steamers for the use of the Confederate government. The day is coming when it will repudiate its allies, the traitors and slavemongers of Richmond, and will affect to exult over the reintegration of "the mightiest confederacy the world has seen" (applause). Let your cause but be as victorious as it is just, and the paper that has reviled you in the hour of your national agony, will praise you in the hour of your national triumph.

Amongst our public men, there have been some, but their number is not large, who have descended to abuse and vituperation in discussing the affairs of this country. Conspicuous amongst the peers of the realm has appeared Lord Brougham. Of this vain, capricious and garrulous old man I would speak with charity and forbearance, for he is in his dotage, and, in the decadence of his once mighty powers, is privileged to say what his ever-changing humor dictates—free, alike, from commendation, criticism and rebuke.

> "He courts the praise that followed him so long,
> But seeks applause in vain. No triumphs now
> Replace the laurels withering on his brow.
> His sole reliance is his former fame,
> He stands the shadow of a mighty name."
>
> (Applause.)

As for Mr. Roebuck—you have heard of Mr. Roebuck! (Laughter.) He and I were boys together, youths together. I well remember that the first debating society I ever joined numbered him among its members. We have discussed the gravest and most abstruse questions together. In those days, there was nothing in earth, or in heaven, or under the earth, or beyond them all, that we were not bold enough to discuss. The Berkleyan system of the actual, external existence of matter—the immortality of the soul—the being of God—all these were questions which we thought ourselves competent to discuss. We grew wiser, of course, as we grew older. And I well remember that Mr. Roebuck was then a flaming Republican. I was a sober young man; my sympathies were bounded by the constitution of my country; but Mr. Roebuck was, I know, a very ardent admirer of republican institutions. Well, what is he now? An apostate radical—the Copperhead traducer of America (applause)—the eulogist of Austria—the lickspittle of Napoleon (renewed applause)—the fawning sycophant, who beslavers the prime minister, that he may with impunity assail his colleague; who has stigmatized the democracy of this country as "the scum of Europe"—who has denounced the government at Washington as "base, cowardly, and corrupt"—who has declared your struggle to crush a foul and traitorous insurrection "a blot upon human nature," and has breathed the fiendish wish that the Anglo-Confederate privateers, which his friends the Lairds and the Lindsays have let loose upon the world, might "chase your commerce from the ocean." As for this unhappy instance of wasted energies and perverted powers, it may be sufficient to say that his malice is impotent, and that his ravings are despised. This accomplice of Vallandigham and Fernando Wood (laughter and applause)—this mouthpiece of the Richmond banditti—this bosom friend of the infamous author of the execrable Fugitive Slave law—this menial of Jefferson Davis, has been declared, in the House of Commons, to be a man who represents no one but himself, whose utterances are unanimously repudiated by the assembly he is permitted to disgrace by his presence (applause).

Mr. Henry Ward Beecher (great applause)—you do well to cheer him here, my friends; but you have never given him so many cheers in New York as he received in London (applause). When he was there, I was there; and when again he goes, as I hope he will, "may I be there to see!" You should have seen him at Exeter Hall—with four thousand persons within the walls and seven or eight thousand persons outside the walls—you should have seen, as I did, Henry Ward Beecher, when fifty paces from the door by which he was to enter, lifted and carried, amidst the shouts of the people, over their heads, into the meeting-place, where the audience was waiting to receive him. He did a good work. I bear my testimony to the ability and the value of the services he performed for you in our country (applause). His presence acted like a magnet wherever he went. He did not so much create anti-slavery feeling as elicit that which already existed. Those who went to hear Henry Ward Beecher, with the exception of a few Copperheads in Liverpool, were Abolitionists before, and they did, by their presence, but afford to Henry Ward Beecher proof of the fact, of which I could have assured him long before, that the masses of the people in England have been true to the cause of the North (loud applause).

When Henry Ward Beecher came back he said—and I think he was right when he said it—"If you ask me what is the great underlying influence that has been at work upon the upper class of England (for it is among that class that the persons unfriendly to this country are found), I answer commercial interest, and rivalry therein; and class power, and the fear of contagion of American ideas. The great middle laboring class of England is on the side of the North; the upper class, as they are called, is on the side of the South."

Those who heard or read the long and able speech delivered by Mr. Beecher on the 19th of November last, in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, will recollect what account he gave of the men—members of the government and others—and of the newspapers, all favorable to the Federal cause. As a set-off to *The Times*, he mentioned *The Morning Star* and *The Daily News*, papers with the talent of *The Times* without its venom and its wickedness—and other London journals, whose aggregate circulation was at least a million each issue. He also read a long list of provincial papers, whose circulation was scarcely inferior, and whose influence was equally great in their respective districts. Having gone through a very long catalogue of men, eminent for learning, literature, piety, philanthropy and liberal and enlightened patriotism, he said: "These are only a few of thousands of names of men who are our friends; but these are better known, and have signalized their friendship by literary services in the cause of the North. I ask you, fellow-citizens (he continued), whether upon the facts that I have stated, there is not reason to believe that, after all, we have been all misinformed, and that there is a great undertone in England of friendliness and of fidelity to us and to our cause?"

In the letter which has been read to you, my friend Mr. Rylance is pleased to speak of my rising from a sick bed to go forth again and again to address various meetings of the people, in different parts of the country. I remember that on one occasion I broke through the injunctions of my physician and offended against the wishes of my wife, and left London to attend a meeting in the county of Lancashire; and I can never forget that dense, and interested, and magnificent audience which I then addressed. With the exception of some five and twenty or thirty gentlemen who accompanied me upon the platform, they were all operatives of that town and its neighborhood. Pale, worn, haggard, penniless—the fire had gone out upon the hearth, the food had disappeared from the cupboard, and they were what in Lancashire is called *clammed*—they were hungered. I talked to them of this war; I talked to them of the wicked principles on which the South has seceded; I talked to them of the wrongs of the slave; I pictured the brightening prospects of four million captives in the South; I assured them that this war, though it might not wear the complexion of an anti-slavery war, would become one in the end, and that America, try as she might at the beginning to resist it, would have to make this war, in the hands of God, an instrument for working out the redemption of her oppressed children. I told them this, and more, and then I put it to them whether they would wait a little longer, be resigned a little longer, continue, as they had done, to observe the law, maintain a blameless deportment in the eyes of the community, cherish the same fervent loyalty for their sovereign, the same respect for property, etc.; and they shouted, with one voice, "We will! we will! we will!" (Prolonged applause.) I say, woe to the man who, because of the taunts coming over the water from a handful of aristocrats, would sever the bond of friendship between you and such a people as that! (Applause.) I say, and do not doubt the truth of what I say, that it is the patient, heroic, self-denying, sublime conduct of these starving operatives of our kingdom, that has made our government what it is; that has foiled the machinations of Palmerston; that has defeated the plans of the secessionist party in England; that has spiked the guns of the adversary; that has controlled the policy of the government, and preserved the harmony between England and America (applause). Thank God, we have got through our cotton crisis, and got well through; and we shall have landed upon our wharves in England, during the present year, as large an amount of cotton as we got from all the world in 1858 (applause); and that without one bale of the cotton that may be sent us from the Confederate States, but which, I trust, will come to us no more until it comes free from the tears and unstained by the blood of the American slave (enthusiastic and prolonged applause).

O, my friends, words are all too poor to express the joy, the thankfulness, the exultation with which I listen to responses like these, to hopes and aspirations such as I have just breathed—responses, be it remembered, returned to the most radical anti-slavery sentiments by an audience like this in the city of New York (renewed plaudits). They fill one with bright hopes for the future. They indicate the speedy triumph of the cause in which some here have spent their lives.

> "Muse! take the harp of prophecy. Behold!
> The glories of a brighter age unfold.
> Friends of the outcast! view your accomplished plan;
> The negro towering to the height of man.
> Tyrants and slaves no more these States shall see,
> For God created all his children free!
> Soon, Justice, leagued with Mercy from above,
> Shall reign in all the liberty of love.
> And from the North to South, from East to West,
> America shall be the region of the blest."
>
> (Great applause.)

Go on in the good work! You have a President pledged, *steeped* in pledges, to recognize the cardinal principle of your Declaration of Independence, that all men are free and equal (applause). You have a President who, within the last few days, has said, "If slavery be not wrong, then nothing is wrong." If slavery be wrong, the antithesis is right. Do right!—"Be just, and fear not. Let all the ends you aim at be your country's, your God's, and truth's," and you must succeed. You have the instruments ready to your hands. You have a Congress (I speak of the two Houses together) containing more men, *ex animo*, in their hearts, feelings, wishes, hopes, efforts, aspirations, pledged to the cause of the negro, than ever were in Parliament, even in the palmiest days of our anti-slavery agitation (applause). God has given you all things richly to enjoy. You are accumulating debts, but you have behind you boundless resources. From the bosom of the earth that God has given you as your heritage, you can reap enough to pay fifty such debts; and fifty such debts would be well incurred to win so glorious a victory (enthusiastic applause). Yes, let Copperheads rail at greenbacks—let them rail till they can rail no longer; the *rail*-splitter is behind those greenbacks, the loyal people of the nation are behind him, and he and they will yet win the victory (great applause). "There's a good time coming." When this sword, now smoking with the blood of brothers, shall be sheathed, when the graves shall be filled, when the emblems of woe shall be laid aside, when mothers, with chastened grief, shall think of their sons, and bless the day they sacrificed them in their country's cause and in the cause of freedom—then, looking abroad from the Arctic circle to the sunny South, from the bleak shores of the Atlantic to the golden sands of the Pacific, you will see no tyrant and no slave, and the North, erect, free from the trammels of the South, will be bound by no constitutional obligation to support slavery, tyrannized over by no slave representatives in Congress, and know no execrable Fugitive Slave law, denying to her the right of cherishing the panting slave, flying to Canada for his liberty. When that time shall come, you will not regret the sacrifices you have made, even though they were of your own flesh and blood, and you will praise God that even through a Red Sea, He led you into a land of righteousness and liberty (loud applause).

As evidence of the feeling now prevalent in Scotland on the subject of slavery, and in reference to the course taken by the so-called ministers of religion in the rebel States, I would draw attention to a document signed by nearly 2,000 of the clergy of Scotland, and entitled, "A Reply to an Address to Christians throughout the World by the Clergy of the Confederate States of America." The *clergy* of the Confederate States! There is a very old book, that tells of the sons of God, and a certain individual coming in amongst them. These clergymen of the South are very near relatives to that individual (laughter). *Clerical* slaveholders! *Clerical* women-whippers! *Clerical* men-stealers!

In this Reply, the Scotch ministers say, "They feel bound to give public expression to their views, lest their silence should be misconstrued, as implying either acquiescence in the principles of the document, or indifference to *the crime* which it seeks to defend—that of *slavery*."

The Reply then alludes to the deep grief, alarm and indignation with which they have perused the clerical pleading on behalf of slavery in general, and American slavery in particular. Pleadings, in the course of which God is thanked for slavery, as for *a missionary* institution—the *best and most successful in the world.*

In the name of that holy faith and thrice holy name, which the Southern ministers have desecrated by invoking it in defence of slavery, *they*, the Scotch ministers most earnestly and emphatically protest against slavery, as "a system which treats immortal and redeemed men as goods and chattels, denies them the rights of marriage and of home, consigns them to ignorance of the first rudiments of education, and exposes them to the outrages of lust and passion."

They consider apologists for slavery, who attempt to shelter themselves and the system under the authority of God's word and the Gospel of Christ, worthy to be denounced as the real and worst enemies, both of the Bible and the Gospel, and they say, "the obligation rests upon us to record, in the strongest possible terms, our abhorrence of the doctrine on the subject of slavery which the Southern clergy teach, and upon which they act; and to testify before all nations, that any State, Empire or Republic, constituted or reconstructed in these days of Christian light and liberty, upon the basis of that doctrine, practically applied, must, in the sight of God, be regarded as founded on wrong and crime, and as deserving, not his blessing, but his righteous wrath."

I have felt it due to the ministers of Scotland to make this reference to their address.

Mr. President, while pronouncing the few words with which I intend to close this address, I shall take the liberty of addressing myself directly to the audience here assembled, and shall speak as though you were not present.

Ladies and gentlemen, amongst the many thousands in Great Britain who cherish a deep interest in the anti-slavery movement in this country, there is one name which is never uttered but with sentiments of the profoundest honor and respect. It is the name of one who, in Europe, is regarded as the pioneer, apostle and legitimate leader of the cause of the injured, the abused, the fettered and the outcast millions of the colored race upon this continent. It is the name of him—

> "Who, casting far behind all earthly care
> And countryships—all national regards
> And smiles—all narrow bounds of State
> And selfish policy—beneath his feet
> Trod every fear of opposition down—
> All fear of danger—of reproach, all fear;
> And scorning evil tongues, went forth to blow
> The trump of freedom in the nation's ear;
> To tell the bruted slave his manhood high;
> His birthright liberty, and in his hand
> To put the writ of manumission, signed
> By God's own signature."

Ladies and gentlemen, we in England, who love the cause in which you are engaged, give thanks to God for having given to this age and country WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON (prolonged and hearty applause).

It is our judgment and belief, that to his sagacity, as well as to his boundless philanthropy—to his accurate and cloudless survey of passing events—to his incorruptible integrity and unfaltering perseverance, the abolition movement in this country is more indebted than to any other man. We believe that when the angry disputations of party politicians shall perish, and be forgotten—when the din of war shall be hushed, and there shall be buried in one grave the sword of civil strife and the fetters of domestic slavery—when the calm, clear voice of the prophet now in your midst shall be heard no more—when the thousands of hearts, whose holiest emotions have been awakened by his earnest pleadings, are still and cold—that then, even more than while he lived, will his name be venerated and blessed.

The tribute which, as an Englishman, and the exponent, on this occasion, of the sentiments of English Abolitionists, I desire to offer to your President, and to his early coadjutors, has been rendered by one of your own countrymen in language far more eloquent than any which I can employ, and I will, therefore, make use of his words.

In a sermon on "The Signs of the Times," preached by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church, on the 11th of November, 1860, that distinguished minister said:

"At the beginning of this great work (the abolition of slavery), God did not call the great or the many, but his voice sounded first in the ears of the humble and the few. I call you to remember that this great work, however much help it may have received from the Church, and from persons in the Church, was not begun by the Church. Courts and assemblies were not called to head the resistance to slavery. It was not the Legislature nor the State; it was not any part of organized society whatever that inaugurated the revolution against slavery. All these had too much to take care of to be able to risk anything for an unpopular justice. They were all of them asleep; and when the voice sounded, none of them knew it to be the voice of God. He spoke, therefore, to a few unknown men. The men that first agitated in behalf of liberty, and against slavery, were the truest martyrs that this age has seen. Many of them are dead, or rather they have burst forth from the constraining bonds of this life, and now they fully live in heaven. They but glimmered here—there they blaze. A few patriarchs are yet alive. Though I am not on his side, I must bear witness to the fidelity of William Lloyd Garrison.

"It may be hard for some to believe that he was one of the earliest and noblest of those instruments that God employed for the overthrow of oppression among us—that he has been the scourge of the ministry and Church, whose tongue has walked to and fro in the land, amid persecution scarcely paralleled in modern times. There has risen up no more stalwart or heroic man in any age to labor for freedom, to declare slavery to be iniquitous, and from the first to speak untempered words—but words that were untempered only because, in the might of wickedness, and in the strength of his feeling, there was no time for measuring. The ages are more just than the years in which things take place; and by and bye, when you and I are gone down below the horizon, and men see none of us, they will behold standing high as a star, such a man as WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON" (prolonged applause).

I see around me some of the patriarchs to whom Mr. Beecher refers; and oh, how I thank God, on their behalf and my own, that we live to see this day!

> "Spirit of Freedom, on!
> Oh, pause not in thy flight,
> Till every clime be won
> To worship in thy light!
> Speed on thy glorious way,
> And wake the sleeping lands;
> Millions are watching for thy ray,
> And spread to thee their hands.
> On, till thy name is known
> Throughout the peopled earth;
> On, till thou reign'st alone,
> Man's heritage by birth;
> On, till from every vale,
> And where the mountains rise,
> The beacon lights of liberty
> Shall kindle to the skies."

Mr. Thompson took his seat amid universal and enthusiastic applause.

The PRESIDENT—I wish to say to the audience, that our friend, though laboring, when he came to the meeting, under much bodily disability (which has not been apparent, however, throughout his address), very kindly consented to occupy a larger portion of the time than he otherwise would have done, because I, for one, being weary with the long protracted meetings, did not wish to speak this evening, and because our friend, Mr. Phillips, also hoped to be let off with a short speech, which, however, I hope he may not be. (VOICES—"No; oh, no.") First, then, we will have a song, and then Mr. Phillips.

Mr. Clark sang "The Field of Gettysburg," to great acceptance, as was evidenced by the applause which followed. Mr. Phillips then came forward, and was very warmly greeted.

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am well aware, I hope, of the very favorable and advanced auspices, if I may use that epithet, under which this Society meets this year. No man can fail to see how much we have gained. No man can fail to see how, in a single year, God has done for us what it usually requires a quarter of a century to accomplish. The fruits of this great national struggle ripen so fast, events crowd upon each other so closely, that we ourselves forget some of the elements of our very gain. To-day, the largest army raised in this half century does battle, in the name of the nation, for that slave who for twenty years we have almost in vain begged the nation to remember. Virginia is drenched in blood, year after year, in the determination and resolute purpose of the Northern people to carry their civilization down to the Gulf, and lift the negro to an equal level of political and civil existence (applause). The President of the United States (loud applause) owes to-day his world-wide reputation, has his name floating in the blessings of Europe and of Christendom, not because of his office, but because he has done what this Society, for a quarter of a century, has hopelessly entreated of the nation. I am not, of course, claiming for ourselves the merit of having done this; I am not a lunatic; but I am asking you to remember how our work has been taken out of our hands, and almost accomplished; that the brightest laurel worn to-day on an American brow is worn because the world believes him to be an Abolitionist (applause)—hitherto a name of contempt from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Change enough in one generation!

Neither let us forget, at such a moment as this, the terrible cost at which these advantages have been gained. Our friend from the other side of the ocean has painted to us the English laborer, gaunt, half-starved, in his utter hopelessness remembering us in his sympathy and self-devotion. He might have crossed the channel and found the French artisan manifesting the same sublime devotion to an idea wrought out four thousand miles off, by a people with whom he can hardly claim kindred. No sublimer spectacle of intense and disinterested devotion has the world seen for centuries, if ever. On our own soil, each day marks its memory in our minds with the martyrdom of some brave soul in the same cause. Yesterday, your honored son—who left the State, where he was dowered with wealth, girdled with every family joy, beckoned onward by every ambitious hope, to go down, almost a private at first, and place himself by the side of the negro—Wadsworth (prolonged applause), fell, and has consecrated Virginia to freedom; and to-day, the stout old soldier, Sedgwick (loud applause), falls in the van of that battle which is raging over the prostrate body of the negro, for the perpetuity of his liberties and of ours.

Why do I remind you of these things? Because the holier the cause becomes, the more terrible the sacrifices laid upon its altar, the more earnest the demand on us, and on every American citizen, to see that all this great effort is not wasted; that no one of these precious lives, no one of these noble sacrifices is in vain; that no indifference, that no manworship, that no party madness, that no over-sanguine credulity ("hear, hear"), shall lead us, at least, the watchmen on the towers of this anti-slavery crusade, to leave any contingency or chance in regard to the securing of those rights for which we are fighting. I could not look at the picture which our friend drew for us of the English artisan, without being moved to double diligence, feeling that the post of American citizen to-day bore even a heavier burden than I supposed, with the world watching us and starving for us, in order that we might be free, and o e nation, without a tyrant or a slave.

Now, fellow-Abolitionists, we meet here to-night, and let us take a little account of our position. We have, as our friend told us, a Congress elected and pledged, beyond all precedent, to the side of the negro; we have a President who has declared, in the words which he fitly quoted, that if slavery is not wrong, there is nothing wrong under the heavens (applause). Had our President said, "I have come to-day to the conviction, that if slavery is not wrong, there is nothing wrong under the heavens," I should have said, "Onward! He has now planted in his own heart an inward testimony that can never mislead him in dealing with the statesmanship of the question which God gives to his hands." But the President of the United States says, as so many Americans have said before, "I never knew the day when I did not believe slavery to be wrong; and if it is not wrong, there is nothing wrong under the skies." If, therefore, the whole of that American's public life has grown out of a heart which cherished, in its very utmost depth, that conviction, if, nevertheless, he could take office under Whig dynasty, and seek with volunteer zeal to add an appendix to that "execrable Fugitive Slave law," how shall I trust that the conduct hereafter which grows out of such a pledge will be any more radically consistent with what we should deduce from it, than the twenty years of his past political life have been? (Applause.) We are to remember, fellow-citizens, that the logic of American public life allows that a man may lay down the corner-stone that slavery is a sin beyond question, and then serve it, from an argument of political necessity or party expediency.

Now, I have no pleasure—who can have any?—in arraigning, in doubting, in even discriminating between public men. A friend said to me, just as I rose to come upon the platform, "Take a cheerful view to-night!" (Applause.) I look down into Virginia and see 100,000 men marshalled against another 100,000 men, who have been looking into each other's eyes for three years, disputing for the Gibraltar of this struggle. I carry my glance further down, and see a Massachusetts boy ruling the mouths of the Mississippi, and announcing that no freedman under the proclamation of 1863 shall choose either his labor, his employer, or his residence (cries of "shame," and hisses). How can I take a cheerful view, when I see the negro, as I am bound to see him on this platform, before my eyes? I will be as cheerful as his interests allow me to be. I will make you as pleasant a speech as the negro, borne to the ground in his hovel, beyond our pickets, can make to-night; and I cannot afford to be any more cheerful. We have a proclamation of liberty, dated on the first day of January, 1863. No man shall go beyond me in the recognition, in the grateful recognition, of the daring, and noble, intelligent statesmanship which dictated that proclamation [loud applause]. No man shall go beyond me in the recognition of the sincerity with which that measure was adopted. But, friends, suppose the war ended, suppose the cannon come home, the banner furled, and that that paper is to go before the courts—how much does it mean? Well, I do not know how much it means. If, during the riots of last July, the commanding general of this district had taken possession of this building on the plea of military necessity and destroyed it, the owners would have lost it forever. If he had taken possession of it and occupied it, when the riot ceased, when peace returned, when the soldiers went back to their barracks, this property would revert to its old owners. Military necessity ceases, and the conversion of property ceases. Now, therefore, a Copperhead lawyer (they are not extinct [laughter]; you can find them from the Chief Justice downward, or upward, whichever way you choose to reckon), who has always maintained that the slave was property under the Constitution, when Louisiana was reconstructed into a commonwealth would say, "Mr. Lincoln freed this slave because he wanted him, like any other piece of property. He had a right to take it from the use of a rebel; he had a right to use it himself. But the rebellion has ceased; the military necessity has ceased; there stands the piece of property, no longer needed by the conqueror, it reverts to its old owner." Suppose he should argue so; I do not say the Supreme Court would accept the argument; I only state to you, in this, one of the half dozen questions that lie beneath that proclamation, and in the strict view of international law, stand between Mr. Lincoln and the carrying out of his proclamation. Understand me. I do not doubt his will and purpose, while he lives, to make that proclamation a reality down to the Gulf [applause]; but in order to do it, he has either to secure, himself, a guaranty from the bench, or carry with him, as the British did after the war of 1812, every black he has emancipated, from the locality where he was previously found, or he must keep in that locality an army that shall prevent the old owner from reasserting his claim.

I only point out to you, by way of illustration, one of the questions which lie before us in the future, when the cannon has ceased its sound. As I said yesterday, the statesmanship of the question is the more momentous and the more confused of the two. It is the settlement of the principles upon which this Union is to come together again. Grant, on a direct line, like a cannon ball, goes down to the Gulf and unfurls the stars and stripes; that is one thing. But that does not wipe out Southern ideas; that does not convert Southern mind; that does not make the white man of the Carolinas love either your principles or the flag. Subjugation is not conversion. Two angry dogs chained together do not make a marriage. South Carolina, in her present mood, and Massachusetts, in her present mood, are not a Union. Seventy years have proved that. The Union guaranteed to our President—whose name and fame my friend has so fitly described—the right to reside, if he pleased, in Charleston; but if he had attempted to exercise that right, it would have led him, four years ago, as it would to-day, to the halter. There was no Union. You have not changed that mood of mind to-day. There have been one or two experiments which show that the nation cannot impose a government on a reluctant people. Utah, if nothing else, shows us this; Kansas shows it, also. It is not possible. Every sensible man, therefore, says of that proclamation—"Fortify it by an amendment of the Constitution (loud applause); a document on paper, which leaves the legal record perfect, which avoids all questions of military necessity, which puts out of court all the nice critical discriminations of lawyers, and anchors the popular purpose in the Constitution itself." So much, certainly, it is not only wise, but it is absolutely necessary that this Society, that the anti-slavery party, should gird itself to demand. To-day, in our debates, some of our friends said, the limit of this Society's function is reached when chattel slavery is abolished. Well, that, as a brief statement, is undoubtedly correct. But suppose peace had reigned, during the last three years, and Mr. Lincoln had said to us, at any time, "Gentlemen, I am going to issue a proclamation to free every slave in the United States." This Society would not have adjourned; it would not have dissolved. It would have said—"Sir, thank you for your intentions; glad you published them; but you have not abolished chattel slavery, though you have exhibited a wish to do so, because you have not put the act beyond cavil; you have shown the disposition, but you have not used the means." I do not deny, to-day, the *wish* of President Lincoln and his Cabinet that slavery should cease on this continent. If I read them correctly, I think they entertain that wish fully. But, as I said to-day, a man wishes to go to Liverpool—it is a very pleasant wish; I should like to go myself; but it is only a wish. When I see him pack his trunk, engage his passage on a Cunarder, take his baggage and go down to the wharf and get on board, and start down the harbor, I say, he has got more than a *wish* to go to Liverpool; he has got a *purpose*, and he has gone. So in regard to the abolition of slavery, when I look at the government, grateful as I feel toward Mr. Lincoln, and satisfied as I am of his entire wish that slavery should be prohibited, I recognize, at the same time, a shrinking from the means by which that wish shall be made effectual. It is one thing to wish a thing—I wish I was worth a million of dollars; it is another thing to be willing to use the means. Suppose a man said, "You shall have it, if you will vote for McClellan"—why, I wouldn't take the means! (Loud laughter and applause.)

What I want to point out to the conviction of Abolitionists is the duty that lies before them, now that the sacrifice has been so great, and the dangers ahead of us still are so momentous. We do not know whether we have got Richmond—we do not know how soon the stars and stripes will float over that capital, or any other south of it—a long and perilous future lies before us—three years of war have hardened the Confederacy from that fluid and gristle state of 1861 into the muscle and bone of national cohesion, and we have not now a rebellion to fight, but a nation, strong in the pride of habits and associations and the spite of three years desperate battle and existence in defiance of the world. We have not only that, but we have, on the southern border of our country, the nucleus of a foreign dominion, whose natural tendency it is to be a thorn in the side of the nation by cherishing its rebellious daughter. That French Emperor does nothing capriciously, nothing thoughtlessly, but with long-sighted purpose, he plants the nucleus of a French force there, to bide its time. Every hour that this contest lasts is an opportunity for misfortune. No European power except Russia can be claimed on our side. Of the first-rate powers of Europe—Austria, Russia, and France—Austria cannot help us if she would, France would not help us if she could, and Russia is the only one that has ever given us a kind word (applause). Of the second-rate powers of Europe—Spain, Portugal, Belgium, England and Prussia (hisses, followed by loud applause)—Well, I beg pardon of any Englishman who takes offence at the classification of his country, but I have always held a free tongue of my own country, I have always tried to describe truly my own government, and you certainly will not find fault with me for describing truly yours (applause). Grand as she is—and in the bosoms of her millions of laboring men I found my surest hope of the coming century

bive them. He waits, in the confident expectation that time will bring round the system again, and he shall have their labor." Of course there are exceptions. There are Owen and Fowler, and half a dozen others, led by Gov. Johnson, who represent a loyal, anti-slavery sentiment, but the great mass are alienated and hostile. I said yesterday that when Shepley, down at New Orleans, called on the men who had eaten the bread of the government for eighteen months to come forward and volunteer for thirty days, to save the city from the Confederates, nine-tenths of them resigned rather than take up arms on our side. We went to Florida with the idea of making a government. We exported five hundred men there, to begin with, and they came back. We have never found any Unionism at the South to build upon.

Now, I say that Utah and other examples show us that we cannot force a government upon a reluctant people; and if it could be done, it would not be Republicanism. Until you can find some way of making States, there is no chance for the slave to come under our banner; and there is the guaranty of his liberty. Make the Confederacy a power, and the slave is beyond us. If you want to find the means of making that proclamation effective, you must find some means of making States. You cannot build on the white element; there is nothing but the black element to build upon. Mr. Brownson—and when I name him, I name a man than whom there are not a dozen men in the Northern States who have done more to enlighten, intensify and elevate the purpose of the North—Mr. Brownson, in some criticisms which he did me the honor to make upon a speech that I made a month or two ago, says I am mad upon the rights of the negro. Well, I am not just now considering the rights of the negro, and I am willing to pass that by for the moment. I am considering your interests and mine, as well as his rights. We need him. There is nothing else to hold up the banner on the banks of the Mississippi. I would give him the ballot in one hand and the musket in the other, because I want him as the basis of civil institutions. I would give him an acre if it did not belong to him. If, as an Abolitionist, I did not think he could claim all three, I would force all three of them on him, in order that I might secure the reëstablishment and perpetuity of the Union (applause). You tell me of an amendment to the Constitution. That is good, but that is paper. Governments are made out of two elements—paper and men. There are the white men who hate you; who, however crushed, will still bide their time and watch their opportunity. Jefferson Davis, with his crowd of nascent nobles, is not going down a steep place suddenly into the sea, like their ancestors in the Gospel. When they give up hope, they pass into Mexico and watch. The Highland Chief, when the Englishman drove him from his clan, did not cut his throat; he went to Holland, and watched. The Cavalier, when Cromwell sat in a chair better than a throne, did not hang himself; he went to France, and watched; and three consecutive rebellions almost broke the English monarchy asunder. There have been nations which never had a civil war, but I know of no nation in history that, having had one, ever got through with that; because the poisoned elements remain in the bosom; they are not eliminated by a single struggle. The history of the world shows that the old elements, compressed into a forced peace for a little while, burst out whenever there seems to be a probability of success, and we must expect the same future.

I say this in the interest of the negro, whose liberty I wish guaranteed beyond a peradventure; and in order to do that, we must construct the Union on so sure a basis, we must anchor it so deep, that it will bear the inevitable shock and convulsion of storms that cannot be avoided. Turning to the President and his Cabinet, in the light of such considerations as these, I ask—are President Lincoln and his Cabinet ready for the only means which will secure such a result? I do not doubt their wishes. I do not envy them their laurels. I never uttered a word to blast them. No man has praised them more willingly than I have. Heaven grant them the highest place they have earned in the history of the world! But we are looking to the future. You and I are American citizens. This war has spent one half the funded property that was reckoned ours in the census of 1860. Sixteen thousand million of dollars was all this race had garnered in 200 years of civilization, the value of the soil included; and before the war ends, what with town debts, and county debts, and State debts, the national debt, and war damages, we shall have spent close up to half of that, and one half of every man's income from capital goes to pay the expense of this long conflict. I do not care for dollars. I recognize, as my friend (Mr. Thompson) does, that if we were to begin the world anew, with only the soil and our hands, without a dollar, but having accomplished our great national purpose, it would be cheaply bought (applause). But, mark you!—accomplished our purpose! If we spend the money and do not secure the result, that is not Yankee (laughter). And I do not look upon the dollar as a piece of silver merely—so much gained and so much to be spent. To me, it bears within its charmed circle the means of education; within its compass, the moral, intellectual and spiritual elevation of the laborer who grasps it—so much of fulcrum and spring-board to enable him to take his place on a level higher than before. It is religion and intellect; it is college and Bible; it is nurture and culture. If the government takes that dollar from the laboring classes of the North, I demand that they leave no stone unturned to get him the full value of what has been taken (applause, and cries of "good").

Therefore, what I demand of you, fellow-Abolitionists, is this, that now, when at such risk, with such lavish sacrifice of treasure and blood, the nation struggles to emerge from these dangers and plant itself on sure ground, you do not allow party leaders to mislead it or baulk its efforts. Stand, faithful watchmen, and utter, without ceasing, your needed warning. Grant that we all wish one result. Be it ours to point out the only means that can secure it; do not allow the nation to be baulked and deluded with half-way measures—show it the only path to its desired goal. My friends behind me—some of them—say, "Mr. Lincoln is all right: he is only slow." Fast and slow are mere matters of proportion. A locomotive is fast—yes. We are living in a steam age. This war moves at the speed of a Birmingham train—fifty miles an hour. If you said to me, "Your President is moving at the rate of the old stage coach, ten miles an hour," I should say, "Well, don't be too much in a hurry. A mile in a minute is a little too fast; a mile in two minutes is hardly safe; ten miles an hour is safe." But suppose we take an ox-team—two miles an hour? That is slow, with a vengeance! The question is, how slow is the Administration, and from what does its slowness proceed? Does it proceed from doubt of the nation's willingness to advance faster? If it does, enlighten them. Stand with me and say, "Why, the ice is six feet thick a mile ahead of you. Go ahead." Then, perhaps, they will believe it, and act. If they are waiting for every man in the nation to become a patent Abolitionist, "A No. 1 at Lloyd's," then tell them this: No majority ever ruled a nation. Every people known to history was always ruled by a minority. Who have ruled us since 1801? The slaveholders. A hundred thousand men ruled us—you know it! My friend here (Mr. Garrison) and I have been hissed, when on this platform, by two thousand men under these arches. Why? Because you did not like us. Whence came your dislike? From Charleston, South Carolina (applause). It was not a self-originated, impulsive, whole-hearted dislike. No, the moment the cannon sounded at Sumter, a million of men started up and said, "We were always Abolitionists! Hissed him?—yes, but we knew we were doing wrong all the time." What made them do it? Ninety-seven thousand men, owning more than ten slaves apiece, five hundred miles off. Why did they rule the nation? Because a compact minority in earnest always rules a nation. There is no other power that ever does. The Administration is at Washington; the government never goes to Washington. The government is in Wall street, and Harvard College, and an anti-slavery meeting, and a mob; the Administration is at Washington. The magician is behind; the puppet is in sight. I know that as well as you do; but the government of this country, ever since Jefferson took office, has been 97,000 slaveholders, who knew what they wanted, and were willing to risk everything rather than miss having it.

Now, if Lincoln is waiting until ninety-nine out of every hundred send him a certificate, sworn to before a Notary Public, that they prefer abolition to everything else, he will never move; but if he is willing to take the responsibility which his place imposes upon him, if he is willing to let his soul shine out and gather around him that compact minority in earnest, who are determined that this nation shall have no rest, though it soaks the continent in blood down to its granite stratum, until the negro has his rights (applause), then Abraham Lincoln can issue to morrow just what edict he pleases; then, from Congress on the one hand, and the army on the other, he shall hear an "Amen" louder than Niagara, even if he out-Garrison Garrison to-day (applause), for the nation is ready to be wielded and ruled by a minority in earnest on the right side. Our politics, hitherto, has been an effort to conciliate slavery. Mr. Van Buren cut to a certain depth in the service of the slaveholder; Mr. Cass cut deeper; Mr. Douglass cut deeper still; Buchanan went under him, and got the election. That was the common course in all political emergencies. Every candidate said, "How low do you go?" "So much." "I go an inch lower." "How much will you give up to the Slave Power?" "So much." "I will give up twenty degrees more." Buchanan said, "I go so low." There was nothing lower to offer or do! (Loud laughter and applause.) Now, the whole philosophy is changed. Liberty is in the ascendant; the purpose of the people is to make over this country on the model of its Declaration of Independence. Groping—not fully intelligent—not wholly conscious—not yet able to articulate—but the intuitive will of the people. The story I told here two or three months ago of my old friend, a Captain from Concord, who went down to Fortress Monroe, illustrates it. A man said to him, "Why, you old wretch, do you know you'll never get back to Massachusetts?" "Don't intend to. Came to settle" (great merriment). Phelps understood it, that ill-used General up in Vermont—the only Abolitionist in the regular army, except Fremont, since Lyon fell—when he wrote over his banner in New Orleans—"Liberty and workingmen's rights." He knew what he was after—a remodelling of the Union on Northern ideas. I say, the Northern breeze has commenced. Lincoln cuts so deep. We are not content Somebody will cut deeper. Box, of Ohio, will cut deeper. Why, the Democratic party is in the market. If you will persuade Cox, of Ohio, that slavery is certainly and irrevocably dead, that there is no more hope for it than there is for the snow that melted last April, then the Democratic party will say in its heart, "If slavery is killed, and I not in at the death, what is my record?" Henry the Fourth, of France, said to his absent friend, "We have conquered, Grillon, you were not there!" History will say to the Democrat, "You went for the inalienable rights of the humblest human being that God created with an articulate voice; they killed a system which enslaved four million such, and your name is not on the record!" Why, they would hiss him in the lower regions as a witless hypocrite! (Applause.) The reason why Franklin Pierce himself does not make a bid is because he lives in the hope—and I believe, with all respect, Mr. President, that the model of a State reconstructed on the plan of Louisiana gives him a fair basis of hope—that the spirit of that old Slave Power will yet enter the Capitol, and he will clasp hands with it and govern. But convince Franklin Pierce or Cox that there never will be such a time, that Louisiana must send an Abolitionist as good as Ben. Wade to the Capitol, even if in order to do so it is obliged to choose a black man, and he will join you. I mean exactly what I say. You may think me a fanatic—perhaps I am; but in all soberness, and in respectful memory of what I owe to you and to God, I do not believe that there will be any safety for the idea of American Republican institutions until the white race see John Hancock under a black skin (applause); until they feel that, while it is inevitable their institutions shall be reconstructed upon the basis of the black man's franchise, in order to save them, they are fully willing that they should be.

Mr. President, I am not speaking now for the rights of the negro. Oh, no! Looking far down our future and on a broad view of history, he can fold his arms, sit down by the channel's side, and look complacently on while twenty million of white men struggle to save the institutions their fathers gave them, sure that whatever pathway we make to a safe harbor for ourselves will save him. God has linked him inevitably to our future, so that he must share all our fortunes. It cannot be helped. All I say, therefore, as an Abolitionist, is: There are two courses before you. You can take that territory of Louisiana, and hold it, by military force, as territory, hold every white man as in a vice, and hold him till his son is born in a different spirit; that is one way. You can make the government hold one half this nation as subjects, not as citizens. Will you trust it? I will not. I confess I should tremble for republican institutions launched on such a future with the precedent of such despotic measures as this war is accustoming us to. I shall make every effort to avert such a course and prevent such a necessity. I will tell you, Mr. President, how I appreciate the sacredness which even Abraham Lincoln confers on slavery. I will tell you the yard-stick with which I measure it. Sixty days after this war commenced, the government took *habeas corpus* and flung it into the sea. The high-water mark of English liberty, gained by two centuries of struggle—the government sacrificed it at the first bidding of military necessity. Yet Abraham Lincoln, in his letter to Hodges, avows that he waited almost two years before he touched slavery. *Habeas Corpus*—the most sacred civil right of you and me—William Seward able to say in sixty days—"I pull that bell, and a New Yorker goes to jail; I pull that, and an Ohioan goes, and nobody asks me why." Louisiana chains half her citizens, grinds them in a bondage which makes the slave a martyr and the master a brute, getting thus, and thus only, the wish and the power to embroil the Nation; and the President waits twenty months before he ventures to touch the system! How much more sacred is slavery than the venerable right of *habeas corpus!*

In his recent letter to Hodges, and in his letter, a year ago, to Mr. Greeley, the President distinctly avows his theory and purpose. He would fain save the Union without hurting slavery. He struggled long to do so. He consented to touch slavery only when every other means was exhausted, and every other method had failed. Now had the rebellion been a superficial matter of sixty or ninety days duration, that had been possible; and a magistrate, holding office under a Constitution which recognized the system, might have been excused, perhaps, for taking such a course. A statesman, undoubtedly, looking before and after, seeing that slavery had been our great trouble in times past and was our most serious danger in time to come, and that it had justly forfeited its life, would have snatched the God-given opportunity to crush it forever and thus guarantee the Nation's future. There might have been an honest difference of opinion on such a point, between second-rate politicians, over a transient rebellion of ninety days. But when the war engulfed the whole Nation, struck at its very life, lasted year after year, threatened the very Capital, and for months the scales between the combatants hung equal, then no man who did not give undue sacredness to slavery could use such language or harbor such purpose. If Mr. Lincoln, after long months of even such war, had said, "I will still risk the Nation's life before I will abolish jury trial—the present tenure of real estate—the right of the masses to vote"—we should have felt that he did well to exhaust all means and run every risk before touching such sacred rights. But because slavery was *tolerated* in the Constitution he puts it on the same level with the title to real estate, to jury trial, on the same level with the marriage institution! He will spend all the Nation's treasure, load it with debt perhaps for a century, fill every house with mourning, let the Nation reel before its foe for years, before he will consent to touch *slavery!* And even after such terrible experience he shows, witness Banks and Louisiana, that he will do everything to keep the relations between black and white as near to the state in which he found them as possible. This avowal to Hodges, and this struggle to save what can yet be saved of slavery in Louisiana, is the mete-wand and yard-stick with which I measure the President's idea of the sacredness of slavery. No wonder the very day that Frank Blair says in the House of Representatives, "The negro has no rights except to fight for us," that the President illegally sends him back his commission of Major-General: That man who had avowed he knew no fit lot for the negro except to fight for us, and then be sent from the country! In my opinion, nothing will save this Union now (no matter what might have been the possibility two years ago) but calling the negro up to citizenship, and reconstructing States on that basis. Lawyers laugh at the proclamation. The most sanguine must allow it holds within it many serious and perplexing questions. After the war no one will dream of recognizing such States as Banks is manufacturing. They are only Military Boards, got up for party purposes, and running over with hatred to the Union. Give us a clean Constitution at Washington and the elements of Union States at the South—only then can we have Peace and Union.

Now, you say to me, "Why do you make this criticism of Abraham Lincoln?" For this reason. He holds my fate and yours in his hands. He stands at the dividing point of the road; the weight of his right hand is on the helm. "If the blind lead the blind," where does the good book say they will tumble? Mr. Lincoln may be the honestest man in the world, but he does not believe in the necessity of guarantees to save the Union; and therefore I say to you this: If you believe that he is capable of being your pilot, make him fit for it. If you want him, as Mr. Seward said at Auburn, and bought his office for four years more by saying it, take him. If it is our duty to make him our President for four years more, I do not complain, though I shall resist. I have nothing to ask from him nor from his successor. But, as an Abolitionist, I demand of you that before you give him those four years of sovereignty, you find out, beyond a peradventure, that he is both resolved and intelligent in regard to the means which your common sense tells you are indispensably necessary for the peaceful solution of this question (applause). Yes, applaud him to the echo. Lay him up in lavender, with Washington, for aught I care. Make him the model hero of the Republic. My platform is this: The man who will save the Republic is my President, whatever his name is; and the man who will not save it, is not my President, whatever his name is (applause, and cries of "good"). I do not care whether his name begins with G, or F, or L, or B—it does not matter; but he must be a man in whose brain and in whose right hand are the means of saving this Republic on the basis of the liberty we have earned; who not only longs for the end, but is willing to use *the means*, the only means adequate to the end. If you can make that out of the present incumbent, in the name of the slave, elect him. But do not blame me if, to-day, I doubt. There is not a white man on this continent who has a right to hold his good name safe from the censure of the slave—not one! The Negro! Crushed by two hundred years of oppression, cheated in every promise up to the present hour, where is the man who tells me that there is, on the continent, a white man whose name is sacred from the just criticism and suspicion of the negro? And it is with his voice that I speak to-night. I say, therefore, if you are quite sure, beyond a peradventure, that your President is up to that level, take him. If, spite of three years' trial and all evidence, you still believe he can be our Joshua, take him. I have no such faith. The day of his election I shall consider the end of the Union in my day, or its reconstruction on terms worse than Disunion.

Speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Our eloquent friend, Mr. Phillips, commenced his speech by taking a cheerful and inspiring view of our position, and then occupied the rest of the time in filling us with doubts, suspicions and apprehensions in regard to the future of the Republic, even with the total abolition of slavery. He began with brightness, and ended with darkness. I shall begin as he did, and, detaining you only for a few moments, will try to end as brightly as I know how (loud applause).

I think that everything looks auspicious for our country (applause). It seems to me that the omens are all good, and that we are making progress in the right direction every day, and every hour of the day. I believe, with my honored friend, that, under this Administration, we have advanced a quarter of a century in a single year; and, therefore, the President—however slow in comparison with our wishes or aspirations—instead of being "an ox team," has beaten even the "Birmingham train" (laughter and applause).

I have no serious apprehensions, so long as parties remain as they are—a line dividing North and South, free institutions on the one hand and slave institutions on the other, and the people of the North resolved that they will never give up the conflict until freedom triumphs. Tell me not of the blood that flows! It cannot be otherwise. Tell me not of the cost of the war! It is inevitable. But that is more than compensated by the magnificent spectacle we have been so long desiring to see—a nation struggling to be free, and learning the lesson of impartial justice through divine retribution. The future before us, with liberty, is bright and glorious; and we are to have liberty.

It is said that the war must be conducted upon war principles, with any hope of success. Granted—*Granted!* (Laughter.) Well, the President has put at the head of the army the very man to do it. Can he do better? (Voices—"No, no.") Now, what does Gen. Grant say in regard to this struggle? Can we trust him? Has he committed himself on this question of slavery?—because, as the rebellion is of slavery, for slavery, and against liberty, whoever fails to perceive the real nature of this conflict is incompetent to meet the responsibilities of the hour. What, then, does Gen. Grant say on the question of slavery? I will read an extract from a letter which he addressed to the Hon. E. B. Washburne, dated last August, in which he says:

"The people of the North need not quarrel over the institution of slavery. What Vice-President Stephens acknowledges as the corner-stone of the Confederacy is already knocked out. Slavery is already dead, and cannot be resurrected. It would take a standing army to maintain slavery in the South, if we were to take possession to-day, guaranteeing to the South all their former constitutional privileges. I never was an Abolitionist, not even what would be called anti-slavery; but I try to judge fairly and honestly; and it became patent to my mind, early in the rebellion, that the North and South could never live at peace with each other, except as one nation, and that without slavery (applause). As anxious as I am to see peace established, *I would not, therefore, be willing to see any settlement until this question is forever settled* (profound applause).

Now, that is pretty good security for the Administration, and pretty good security for the abolition of slavery; for our friend, Mr. Phillips, says he has no doubt that Grant will carry the flag victoriously to the Gulf (applause). I was gratified to hear him say that he still believes the President means to be honestly true to the proclamation of Emancipation of January 1st, 1863; that it is his purpose and full intention to carry it out to the letter; because it gives me an opportunity to read an extract from a speech made by my honored friend last year, which I am happy to read, as it seems to me to be as just and pertinent now as when uttered. He says—"I, for one, have no objection to the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln for four years or eight years longer" (applause). Now, remember, that there have been a hundred thousand colored men enrolled as soldiers under the flag of the country since this declaration was made—a large proportion of them slaves—all now recognized as entitled to equal protection and compensation by the government. Remember that we have ever since been going steadily forward in the work of universal emancipation. Why, then, should Abraham Lincoln not be kept in his place another term? My friend adds—"I told the President himself—and I believed it then, and I believe it now; I meant it then, and I mean it now—that the man who would honestly put his right hand to the plough of that proclamation, and execute it, this people would not allow to quit while the experiment was trying. Whoever starts the great experiment of emancipation, and honestly devotes his energies to making it a fact, deserves to hold the helm of the government until that experiment is finished" (great applause).

Now, I believe that that is precisely the conviction and determination of a large majority of the loyal people of the North. Mr. Lincoln is honestly resolved to enforce the proclamation, and says he never will retreat from it. I therefore believe with Mr. Phillips, that the man who says that, and means it, deserves to be kept in the Presidential chair until the work is accomplished [applause].

As to any fears that Judge Taney will undertake to nullify that proclamation, they seem to me groundless. Why, if Judge Taney, or the whole body of the Supreme Court together, should dare to pronounce it null and void, Maryland herself is so far changed in sentiment that she would strangle them, and throw them into the Potomac [loud applause]. Any apprehension on that score strikes me as chimerical. Assuredly, we shall take no steps backward. Slavery, thank God, has been abolished in the District of Columbia, our national Capital. Is it to be restored again? Who believes it? The independence of the long despised Republics of Hayti and Liberia has been acknowledged by our country, and they stand on the level of equality with all other nations. Do you suppose that we are ever to recall that recognition? The proclamation declares three million of slaves to be free forever. No Judge Taney, no Supreme Court, will ever dare meddle with it. The people of this country mean to stand by the President and his proclamation to the end [enthusiastic applause].

The gristle of the South may be hardening into bone, but it is the bone of a skeleton. The South!—I speak not tauntingly—where is she now? In her death agonies. Strong, spasmodically, yet near her total collapse. It is impossible that she can much longer resist this gigantic and omnipotent North—the North being in the right, and God with the right, and the South being in the wrong, and with the devil [applause].

My friends, if everything has not been done that we could desire, or that justice demands, let us see how much has been done. Is it not far beyond all that we could have rationally expected? The work of a quarter of a century done up in a single year should make us hopeful and patient, and encourage us to believe that all minor inequalities will be looked after in due season. As for Gen. Banks—where is he? The President of the United States has made him walk the plank [applause]. And as to the objectionable measures that are in operation in Louisiana—"wait a little longer," and see whether rectification be not made to the extent of the power and ability of President Lincoln.

I take, therefore, a hopeful view of our situation and prospects. We have never had such a state of feeling as exists now. Only think of it! Three years ago, my beloved friend, Wendell Phillips, in the city of Boston, on the "holy Sabbath," in broad daylight, had to be escorted from Music Hall to his home by a strong body-guard to prevent his assassination. Then our country presented the darkest aspect and most desperate condition that had ever been revealed to us. Oh, what a cloud hung over the land! Almost every ray of light extinguished! A universal disposition to make fresh concessions, and to do everything that the Slave Power should demand, however base and devilish! Happily, it was only the darkness which precedes the dawn. Thank God, the morning has come, and the day is culminating to its full tide brightness! [Applause.] And now, instead of being in danger in Boston, Wendell Phillips goes to the Capital of the United States, where he could not have gone before, except at the peril of his life; and there he is received by admiring audiences, applauded to the echo, and welcomed by the President of the United States [applause]. Frederick Douglass, a fugitive slave, goes to Washington, and is also received by the President in the most courteous, friendly and honorable manner [applause]. George Thompson [applause], "the British emissary" [laughter], "with his pockets lined with British gold" [renewed merriment], whose object was and is to "destroy our glorious Union"—George Thompson goes to the Capital, and is there welcomed by the President and Vice-President of the United States, and by Senators and Representatives, as the friend of liberty, the friend of America, deserving of our national gratitude [applause].

Again, look at Maryland! Why, I have seen it stated that it is somewhat hazardous in Maryland, now, for a man to say anything in favor of slavery. The tables are turned. If you want to be popular there, be as radical an Abolitionist as you can. We now have free speech everywhere under the flag, and everywhere slavery may be denounced, not only with impunity, but with general approbation.

I ask whether these facts are not in the highest degree cheering and stimulating? and whether we have not reason to believe—while not relaxing our vigilance, nor ceasing to demand everything for the black man that we ask for the white man—that, inasmuch as we have gone on, under God, from one stage to another in the right direction, we shall yet reach the goal of universal freedom and equality? [Applause.] Yes, we may make almost a literal application of the words of one of our own poets, and affirm that, from sea to sea, from the borders of our stormy Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf—

"Where'er a wind is rushing,
Where'er a stream is gushing,
The swelling sounds are heard
Of man to freeman calling,
Of broken fetters falling,
And, like the carol of a cageless bird,
The bursting shout of Freedom's rallying word."

Prolonged applause followed the conclusion of Mr. Garrison's speech.

The question was then put on the adoption of the resolution presented at the opening of the meeting, it was adopted unanimously, and with great enthusiasm, and the meeting terminated.

BUSINESS MEETINGS.

Tuesday Evening, May 10.

THE Society assembled for business in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, and was called to order by THOMAS GARRETT of Delaware, one of the Vice Presidents.

The attendance of members and friends of the Society from different portions of the country was large.

On motion of SAMUEL MAY, Jr., of Boston, AARON M. POWELL of New York was appointed Secretary.

The following Committees were also appointed:

Business Committee. — Wendell Phillips, J. Miller McKim, Oliver Johnson, Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew.

Finance Committee.—E. D. Draper, of Mass., Susan B. Anthony, of N. Y.

Committee on Nominations.—Samuel May, Jr., of Mass., Thomas Garrett, of Del., Aaron M. Powell, of N. Y., Rowland Johnson, of N. J., Edward M. Davis, of Penn.

On motion of OLIVER JOHNSON a rule was adopted, after some debate, limiting speakers to ten minutes.

Mr. GARRISON then read the series of resolutions [Nos. 1 to 7] offered at the morning meeting.

PARKER PILLSBURY then offered the following resolutions, upon which no action was taken by the Society:

Resolved, That the mode of reconstruction of the government in Louisiana, under the Amnesty Proclamation, proves that the Administration is willing, if not determined, to sacrifice the interest and the honor of the North, as well as to peril the whole cause of justice and freedom, to secure a sham peace: risking thereby the admission to Congress of a Southern element, able to embarrass, if not control its action; and leaving the whole colored population, and the control of the Southern States, in the hands of an unscrupulous, heartless and slavery-loving aristocracy. Nor do we hear or see any spoken or written protests in the Republican party or the popular pulpits, of such tone or character as to arrest public attention, and save the country from so dire a calamity.

Resolved, That in view of the momentous interests involved in the reconstruction of the government and Union, we earnestly recommend the support of only such party or candidates as are openly and most unequivocally committed—

1st, To the entire abolition of slavery. 2d, Such constitutional amendments or enactments as shall forever prohibit its establishment, and secure the equal and inalienable rights of all men before the law, without distinction of complexion or race.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER proposed that resolution No. 1 be so amended as to read, "So that the 'old covenant with death' is annulled, and the 'agreement with hell' no longer stands." The amendment was subsequently withdrawn by Mr. FOSTER, but again brought before the meeting on motion of EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., for discussion. A prolonged and somewhat desultory discussion then followed upon the present relations of slavery to the Constitution, and the responsibility of the government for its continued existence.

The meeting was successively addressed by Rev. David Root, Jacob L. Paxson of Pa., Wendell Phillips, Edward Gilbert, Esq., Henry C. Wright, George Thompson, Mr. Garrison, and Aaron M. Powell.

Rev. Mr. ROOT considered the country as experiencing the judgments of God. We are a very corrupt people. Our flagrant wickedness and cruel persecution of the colored people must be repented of. He was followed by Mr. PAXSON of Pa.

WENDELL PHILLIPS hoped the amendment would not be adopted. So long as slavery was tolerated, or the government refused to repeal the Fugitive Slave law, the covenant had not been annulled.

EDWARD GILBERT, Esq., advocated the anti-slavery character of the Constitution. The President deserved impeachment that he had not summoned to freedom four million of slaves, and by so much reduced the proportions and strength of the rebellion.

HENRY C. WRIGHT said we assumed at the outset of the anti-slavery movement that we had no constitutional power to interfere with slavery in the States. But now, by virtue of the war power, it might be overthrown, and we, the people, should demand of the President, as our agent, its entire destruction.

GEORGE THOMPSON said the people of England had regarded our Constitution, as usually interpreted by ourselves, as affording protection to slavery, but they now held the United States to be absolved from all obligations towards slavery except to complete its destruction.

Mr. GARRISON argued that the President and Congress were now vested with the necessary power for the entire overthrow of slavery and they should be called upon by the people to use it. It was a glorious day of opportunity to rid the country of the pestilence and curse of slavery and should be fully improved.

AARON M. POWELL thought it fully within the province of the war power for the President and Congress to entirely abolish slavery in the Border as in the Gulf States, while the war was in progress. It should have been done at the outset. But until the Constitution be explicitly amended in the interest of liberty, settling the entire question of the legal existence of slavery anywhere, he regarded our covenant with slavery as only suspended during the continuance of the war. In the slaveholding districts outside the limits of the Proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863, it is not yet annulled. He therefore urged the prohibitory constitutional amendment.

WENDELL PHILLIPS said it was essentially a difference of phraseology, and not as to the doom which should be visited upon slavery, that had prevailed in the discussions.

It was then voted, on motion of Mr. QUINCY, to commit the resolution to the Business Committee, to be reported to-morrow morning.

The following persons were added to the Business Committee: EDMUND QUINCY, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, PARKER PILLSBURY.

After a song by JAMES G. CLARK, the meeting adjourned.

Wednesday Morning, May 11.

The Society reassembled for business at 10½ o'clock a.m.—the PRESIDENT in the chair.

OLIVER JOHNSON read in behalf of the Treasurer the following report:

The Treasurer's account gives the following figures, showing the financial condition of the Society from May, 1863, to May, 1864.

DR.

By Balance from old account	$ 4,154 55
By Receipts from donations, subscriptions to Standard, and sale of publications	11,334 18
	$15,488 73

CR.

To Publishing Standard, for Lecturing Agents, and Office expenses	10,649 57
To Balance to new account	4,839 16
	$15,488 73

After brief remarks from SAMUEL MAY, Jr., showing that though the financial condition of the Society is more favorable than a year ago, still that liberal pecuniary support is highly important and desirable, the Treasurer's report was adopted.

Mr. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, reported resolution No. 1, without the amendment proposed by Mr. QUINCY, and instead of the amendment, a supplemental resolution—No. 2 of the series.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER then offered the following resolution:

Whereas, by the insurrection of the Confederate States, all constitutional guarantees of slavery were rendered void, and our old covenant with death was annulled, and our agreement with hell no longer stands, therefore,

Resolved, That all subsequent support of the institution by the Federal government is a gratuitous service to the cause of despotism and disloyalty, which stamps the present Administration with a deeper infamy than that of any of its predecessors.

Dr. CROWELL believed the war was God's discipline for a sinful people. Still the nation holds hard to slavery for loyal men. If this Society could frame something for the emergency to be sanctioned by Congress he would be glad. He admired the moral grandeur of the anti-slavery struggle, and hoped there would be vigilance unto the end. Escaped slaves were still returned to pretended loyalists, and such men clung with a severer grasp than hitherto to their victims. The end must come. It is God's cause.

Dr. TOWNSEND dissented from Mr. FOSTER'S resolution—the last clause. It was untruthful to affirm that the present Administration was more infamous than any which had preceded it. He thought Mr. Phillips's charge upon the Administration of indifference or unfriendliness to the negro too unqualified. He instanced the establishment of asylums, schools and churches. Mr. Lincoln, as President, had been more lenient than he would have been. Retaliation was difficult. It was for those who criticize also to suggest a method to adopt. What should that method be? He had been not a little dissatisfied and impatient with President Lincoln, but on the whole he regarded him more favorably now.

HENRY C. WRIGHT thought the terms Government and Administration were too often confounded. He held the people primarily responsible as the source of government, while the Administration, the officers elected, were responsible as agents and servants to the people. Progress had been made in the right direction. Let the government be freely criticised, but let the responsibility rest in the right place, which is primarily upon the people. Mr. Lincoln commenced his official duties under great disabilities, and taking all the momentous circumstances into account, had done well. The contrast with Buchanan's imbecility and treachery was great. Three million slaves had been proclaimed free, and the validity of the proclamation would be maintained. The people themselves were the Supreme Court.

PARKER PILLSBURY spoke of the anti-slavery enterprise as a sublime moral struggle. Therein was its power. Numerically it had always been weak. It had been a mighty power in the land because of its moral position. He had early left the church and the ministry because he found there so little devotion to truth and justice. Attracted by the moral earnestness and fidelity of this Society, he had brought to it his best offering, and in conjunction with it had labored as best he could to promote the welfare of God's holy, imperilled cause of justice and liberty. We had been told to stand by the Administration. The Administration does not stand by the slave. When it does, God being my judge, I will stand by it—not till then. He did not believe the President had gone as far and as fast as the people would have sustained him in going. He referred to the modification of Fremont's and Hunter's proclamations. When they were silenced "Copperheads" were born. He had never voted for a President, but rejoiced in the prospect of a political platform whereon, without compromise, a man could stand. This Society should look well to its ways, that it be not led into the service of an Administration careless of freedom and justice for the oppressed. Its efficiency is in its moral earnestness and integrity.

A GENTLEMAN in the audience, while he admired the fidelity of Abolitionists in moral agitation, thought they should have done their whole duty by going to the polls.

WILLIAM A. JACKSON (Jefferson Davis's coachman) addressed the meeting briefly. He rejoiced that so much had been accomplished for the enslaved. He awarded much praise to President Lincoln, and thought he would make a very good President for another four years. His own electioneering arrangments for the coming campaign were already made in the State of Maine.

AARON M. POWELL then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That while this Society, by the terms of its organization, has for its object, through public opinion, the moral regeneration of the nation upon the subject of slavery, we are not insensible to the importance of the present political issues, involving the existence or non-existence of slavery; that while, as a Society, it is not within our province to determine for individual members in respect to the support or non-support of the parties and candidates, we do exhort Abolitionists, and admonish our fellow-countrymen generally, who exercise the elective franchise, to support, in the pending important canvass, only such candidates and measures as will secure the immediate abolition of slavery, with its prohibition by constitutional amendment, and the equal enfranchisement of the negro.

He did not regard it as within the province of this Society to support, as a Society, any political party or nominee for the Presidency, nor could it properly dictate a course of political action to its individual members. It was often brought as an objection against Abolitionists that they had not gone to the polls with their testimony against slavery. He was willing to risk the verdict of history in their behalf, as an independent moral power in the nation. The moral value of the anti-slavery movement cannot be ever-estimated, and its responsibilities have been well met. This crowning feature of our enterprise has still its high value, its sphere of great usefulness, and should be scrupulously cherished by us. To such as—apart from slavery—have no scruples against voting, and who now incline to use the ballot, we may properly address the exhortation to give their support only to such men and measures as will secure the total abolition of slavery, its prohibition by constitutional amendment, and the recognition, in reconstruction, of the citizenship of colored men, equal with white electors.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER commented upon the remarks of a previous speaker, who thought that men who did not and would not vote ought to say nothing upon public affairs. He had not voted himself, neither was Mr. Garrison a voter; ought, therefore, their mouths to be closed? The non-voter was not necessarily deprived of influence and great usefulness in the sphere of politics. He affirmed his belief in the anti-slavery character of the Constitution. But at any rate the war power warrants the entire destruction of slavery. He therefore defended the resolution he had offered declaring the present Administration more infamous than any of its predecessors. It had the full power and opportunity to pronounce the doom of slavery, but had chosen rather to preserve and protect it, wherever it assumed the guise of loyalty. Under Mr. Lincoln's Administration more fugitives have been returned to slavery than under any previous Administration since the government was organized. The fact is indisputable, and yet, strange to say, Mr. Garrison is advocating the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency! Upon the testimony of Mr. Sumner and others we are told that slave-hunting is still prosecuted with the sanction and authority of the government. No previous Administration had ever had so favorable an opportunity to distinguish itself in the service of freedom and justice. Yet no Administration had exceeded the present in its fidelity to slavery and slave-hunting. It was more infamous in the proportion that its opportunities for noble action had been greater.

Mr. GARRISON (EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., in the chair) next addressed the meeting. He criticized Mr. Foster's resolution as absurdly assuming a covenant to be annulled, which he has told us he did not himself believe ever had any existence. Mr. Lincoln's Administration, characterized as more infamous than any of its predecessors, has done all, and more than all, that the people, as a whole, have asked for. It has abolished slavery in the rebellious States. It has armed and equipped thousands of colored men as soldiers. Apart from the old Abolitionists there was no general demand for a proclamation of Emancipation, or for the arming of the negroes. Mr. Lincoln was not therefore to be charged with not being up with the people. He had been true to his own judgment as to the extent to which he might interfere with slavery. He (Mr. Lincoln) did not accept the Constitution as interpreted by Mr. Foster. He had been governed by military necessity as to what he had done, and also what he had omitted to do for the overthrow of slavery. The difficulties and embarrassments of his situation have been such as no man in that position has ever experienced. He deserves charitable and generous consideration rather than wholesale, indiscriminate censure. It is for the people to take home to themselves the larger share of responsibility that all is not done which might otherwise have been accomplished. These are not days for despondency and discouragement, but rather for hope and good cheer. What other Administration less "infamous" has ever done so well? Slavery abolished in the District of Columbia, in the rebellious States, the slave trade suppressed, Hayti and Liberia recognized, and thousands of colored men in the Federal uniform as soldiers! Marvellous indeed had been the changes of the last four years, affording substantial ground for encouragement as to the full consummation of our work, the entire abolition of slavery.

Mr. DENSMORE differed from Mr. Garrison, and spoke in criticism of President Lincoln.

DEXTER FAIRBANK was surprised that old Abolitionists should advocate the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln. He had himself voted for him, but had been disappointed in his Administration.

J. M. MCKIM thought freedom of debate had been again most fully vindicated in this meeting. He was glad it was so. There had been much unqualified condemnation, which it should be borne in mind was not true criticism. He proceeded to answer some of the charges which had been urged against Mr. Lincoln by Mr. Phillips and others. A cashier of a bank, in the midst of a suffering and hungered people, though he was kindly disposed, and had in his keeping a large amount of money, would not be permitted or expected to disburse such funds on his own responsibility. Mr. Linco

freedom of the negro on such a basis as will secure it against every peril.

Mr. FOSTER's resolution, after some discussion, was laid on the table.

On motion of OLIVER JOHNSON the meeting then adjourned *sine die*.

AARON M. POWELL, Sec. *pro tem.*

COLLECTIONS

By Finance Committee for Annual Meeting expenses, May, 1864.

Joseph Carpenter,	$2 00
Sarah H. Marshall,	1 00
Wm. Howland,	1 00
Mr. Powell,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Sargent,	3 00
E. D. Draper,	5 00
W. L. Garrison,	1 00
Oliver Johnson,	1 00
J. M. McKim,	1 00
Samuel May, Jr.,	3 00
J. L. Heywood,	1 00
Wm. A. Jackson,	1 00
Wm. Howe,	1 00
T. Peirce,	20
E. and C. Post,	1 00
E. D. Hudson,	2 00
Cash in various sums,	5 80

DONATIONS

To American A. S. Society, May 11, 1864.

James Mott and Lucretia Mott,	$20 00
A Friend,	10 00
T. A. Burr,	5 00
Edmund Quincy,	10 00
Thomas Garrett,	5 00
C. and A. R. Bramhall,	10 00
E. M. Davis,	5 00

PLEDGES

To American A. S. Society, May 11, 1864.

Samuel May, Jr.,	$25 00
Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hudson,	10 00
Mary Grew,	5 00
Mary B. Semple,	1 00

RECAPITULATION.

Total amount collections and donations, at Business Meeting,	$ 96 00
Collection at Tuesday a.m. meeting, at Church of the Puritans,	132 00
Admission fees at Wednesday evening meeting at Cooper Institute,	135 00
Pledges payable,	41 00
	404 00

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—The Annual *New England Anti-Slavery Convention* will be held in Boston on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, May 26th and 27th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m., of Thursday.

The meeting on Thursday will be held in the MELONAON, Tremont Street. On Friday, it will be in the TREMONT TEMPLE. In addition to the well-known and long-tried advocates of the Anti-Slavery cause, who for so many years have sustained the interest of this memorable series of Conventions, and made it such a potent agency against the vile and traitorous schemes of slavery, we expect this year to have with us our faithful and honored friend GEORGE THOMPSON, of England.

Let the New England Anti-Slavery men and women gather once again in their annual Convention. Let them not rest content with valiant and telling blows dealt against the monster slavery in the past. Every former labor remains incomplete and defective, until the last, crowning, *mortal* blow is given. It is at hand! A just and irresistible Providence is preparing the way and summoning this people to enact Justice throughout the land, and ordain Freedom for all. Who will be found backward and wanting now?

Let every State and section of New England be represented. We respectfully invite delegates from other States. And let those, who cannot appear in person, show their remembrance and their love for the cause by transmitting some contribution in its behalf.

By order of the Board of Managers for the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

EDMUND QUINCY, *President.*

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, } *Secretaries.*
SAMUEL MAY, JR., }

THE ANNIVERSARY AND THE WEEK.

THE Thirty-first Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held, with strange accompaniments, last week. The roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the clash of sabres, seemed to hurtle in the air, mingled with the groans of the wounded and the wide-spread lamentations for the generous dead. The city was astir with excitement, the loyal rejoicing with trembling at the good news, and the traitorous hoping against hope that it might yet turn to bad. The existence of this class is one of the most striking evidences of the malign influences of slavery. It has always been said that a contented slave, who would not be free if he could, was one of the most potent arguments which could be urged against a system which had thus beastialized a human being. But the Copperhead, whose heart is in Richmond while his body is in New York, who loves his Southern masters so well that it makes him hate his country and wish for her ruin, he is even a more monstrous proof of the fatal effects of slavery on all within its sphere, however far removed. Of such there were enough and to spare last week about the streets and in the corridors of the great hotels. But the general feeling was one of cheerful hope, chastened only by the shade of the growing sorrow, trusting that the beginning of the end, at last, was near, and that the nation might be soon established through victory on the sure foundation of universal liberty. In this feeling the Abolitionists, gathered together for their yearly communion and counsel, profoundly shared. It was not the way in which they had hoped that the end of slavery would come. It was to prevent its going down in blood that they first united their efforts for the abolition of slavery through the conversion of the people. They hoped that the blackness and darkness which brooded over half the land, and which stretched its shadow, like that of death, over the whole, might be pierced and dissipated by the rays of truth and the light of reason and religion. It is not their fault if they failed in this endeavor. They have done what they could. The rebels, at the South and in the North, unite in calling down upon their heads all the guilt of the blood shed in this civil war. If to declare that a bloody ending of slavery was inevitable, if not prevented by a timely and humane emancipation, and to do all that they could to bring this about by peaceful and lawful means—if this subjects them justly to such an imputation, they must bear it as best they may. They feel no such responsibility and acknowledge none. They have failed to prevent the war by bringing the nation to repentance, but they have done somewhat to make it refuse the submission to tyranny which could alone have deferred the conflict by a peace more calamitous than the worst of wars. And they may yet help to avert a temporizing and compromising settlement when it is at last fought out.

The late Annual Meeting presented few striking points calling for comment or criticism. It was marked, like all that went before it, by the most perfect unity of principle, combined with the widest differences of opinion as to measures and men. Political preferences, or preferences of particular public men on the single ground of their greater fitness for the finishing work of this Revolution, were inevitable at this stage of our history and at this particular point of time. It cannot be now, when the fountains of the great deep are broken up and the elements of the political world are taking upon themselves new shapes and new relations, that Abolitionists should not feel the deepest anxiety as to the combinations about to be formed and the new state of things which is to come out of them. When they see how much it will depend upon the man who is to be the selected head of the nation for the next four years whether a final disposition of the fatal cause of the war shall be made, or whether it shall be permitted still to torment us for a season in some shape or manner, they must share in the hopes and apprehensions which agitate every thinking man at such a crisis. It is nothing strange, for instance, that Mr. Garrison should pass lightly over the many shortcomings and mistakes, to speak mildly, of Mr. Lincoln in his treatment of slavery, in the fullness of his faith that he is the Moses appointed to lead his people out of the wilderness into the promised land of perfect freedom; nor is it wonderful that Mr. Phillips, in the intensity of his sense of those deficiencies, should do perhaps less than justice to the great measures which the President, at least, has not refused to take upon the compulsion of events. Such differences of earnest natures are inherent in them, and they are essential to the final peace which is made up out of differences. They proceed out of diversity of temperaments and from a difference in the points of view. They are entirely compatible with the most perfect unity of substantial opinion and the most absolute identity of purpose. Such was the case at this meeting. There were many forms of expression, but there was only one mind. There were manifold demonstrations of feeling, but there was only one inspiring spirit. There was an entire unanimity of action, excepting as to Mr. Phillips's resolution of want of confidence in the Anti-Slavery purpose of the government, and one pledging the Society to sustain no party whose platform did not recognize the right of the negro to the suffrage. These resolutions passed—the one last named in a modified form—at the close of the session, in a very thin meeting, by a majority of only two or three. Perhaps it were better that they had not been pressed to a vote, as it is at least doubtful whether they could have been carried in a full meeting. The first subjects the Society to the imputation of injustice and unfairness in judging of the motives of the public acts of the President, while the last makes it accept as a principle what is but a policy, upon which it was the opinion of nearly half those present at the vote, that it was not advisable, if it were strictly proper, to commit the Society. And it must have the incidental disadvantage of withdrawing from any active participation in the approaching campaign of all who voted for it. For, of course, no possible political party will consent to tie the millstone of Negro Suffrage about the neck of their candidate. Certainly, none that has any expectation of his winning the race. Observe, we do not say that this *should* be so; we only affirm that it inevitably *must*.

The Meeting was a very interesting one from the very impress which the passions and opinions of the times made upon it. We have never held one that excited a more general attention, in spite of the distractions of the war excitement. The Anniversary on Tuesday morning filled Dr. Cheever's Church as full as it could well hold, and the Meeting in the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening was a truly immense assembly. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Garrison were listened to with the deepest interest, though not always with entire coincidence of opinion. Mr. Thompson received afresh the welcome which his life-long services to the slave had merited, and his speeches were received with the warmest enthusiasm. The stern arraignment of the President by Mr. Phillips, and his defence by Mr. Garrison, were listened to with the liveliest interest, though it cannot be denied that the feelings of the popular audiences were with the last. Still the effect of the meetings must have been to make all who attended them feel the weight of responsibility that rests upon each and every one of them at this critical moment of our history, and to make them resolve to acquit themselves under it, in the light of the highest idea of duty. We presume that almost all of those who have for the last twenty years stood out from political action will feel that they can use it at this juncture without covenanting with Death and agreeing with Hell. And we are sure that the influence of this meeting will be to make all such more resolved than ever to act in all points wisely and thoroughly in the interest of the slave, and, through them, in the interest of the nation. All present parted in the hope that this might be the last occasion of their coming together as an Anti-Slavery Society, through the accomplishment of its work. As united were they in the opinion that till the legal freedom of the slaves is acknowledged and enforced, the duty of combined action in their behalf could not be renounced. With slavery will Anti-Slavery cease to exist, and with Anti-Slavery the Association which gives it an organic being. May it soon cease from off the earth.

THE ADDRESS OF GARIBALDI TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, which we have copied on the fourth page, seems to us inconsistent, alike in its spirit and terms, with the statement, current in some quarters, to the effect that his sudden departure from that country was in compliance with hints from the British government, inspired by the fear of offending the Emperor of France. In another address, dated April 22, just before his departure, he says: "I offer my heartfelt gratitude and thanks to the English nation *and their government* for the reception I have met with in this free land." Would he have used this language if the British government had been guilty of the cowardly inhospitality attributed to her? Depend upon it, he left England, not at anybody's dictation, but under the advice of his own friends, given from a paramount regard to the cause he represents.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 16th.

THE reproduction in THE STANDARD of Wendell Phillips's anniversary speech suggests to my mind some reflections which I beg to submit to the consideration of your readers.

In a conflict of opinion Mr. Phillips has advantages over all other persons. There is no power like that of oratory. One who possesses it in a high degree can make almost any sentiment acceptable to those who may come within the range of his influence. In Mr. Phillips's case this power is enhanced by the coexistence of other qualities which give added weight to his opinions. His stainless life, his sublime moral heroism, his devotedness to duty, challenge the admiration even of his enemies. When he speaks, all listen to admire. Everything that he says, which is obviously true, is applauded; much that he says, not obviously true, is accepted—and accepted because he says it. If he errs, it is on the side of freedom—on the side of the slave—which is "the safe side"; therefore people meaning at all hazards to be on the side of freedom and of the slave, acquiesce in his teachings.

I said to a lady of our radical anti-slavery school the other day: "Mr. Phillips offered a resolution at New York, affirming that 'we see no evidence of a purpose on the part of the Administration to put the freedom of the negro on such a basis as will secure it against every peril.'" Her reply was: "There's a great deal of truth in that." "But," I said, "that is not the question; the question is, is it wholly true?" "Well, perhaps not," she said, "but it is a safe side to err on." That is the philosophy which accepts doubtful assertions when commended by the prestige of high authority and the charm of a silver tongue.

Now I think it safe to say that there is not another man on Mr. Phillips's side of this question, who could have offered a resolution embodying the sentiment of that resolution, and supported it by a speech containing the assertions made in Mr. Phillips's speech, without eliciting from his audience unequivocal signs of disapproval. And yet there are on that side men equal to Mr. Phillips in purity of character and loftiness of purpose, and men with oratorical endowments which put them among the foremost speakers of this country. Imagine, if you please, one of these gentlemen—take the most favored one you choose—rising in that assembly, offering the resolution referred to, and following it up in a strain of remark containing the sentiments expressed by Mr. Phillips. Think you the result would have been the same? Let us try:

You have—by supposition—selected the man, whosoever he may be, whom you regard as the ablest of the able men who at New York took that side of the question; you have put into his hand the resolution, and he in clear and sonorous tones, reads it to the audience. He then proceeds to say, by way of introduction, that on this platform we consider only the "claims of the negro"—we speak only "as Abolitionists." He draws a sombre picture of the state and prospects of the country, and in doing so, if you choose, uses Mr. Phillips's very words:

"In that dark and fearful storm into which the vessel of state is plunging, no man has foresight enough to see when she will reach the still water. The youngest of us may never again to see that Republic into which we were born; it is to be largely biased by the inevitable results of such a civil war as this. A million of men are to come back into civil life half unfitted for citizenship by the habits of a camp. They are to bring with them from five to ten thousand idolized officers—the only available candidates for office for a century to come. Military ambition, biased toward military occupation—the grave of all free governments—is the material on one side of us; and on the other, debt—the other grave of free governments. Two thousand million of dollars is the debt of our government to-day; three thousand million probably the ultimate debt of State, country and town, and war damages; an annual expense of three hundred million beyond our debt interest to keep that standing army with us, which will be inevitably necessary, on any plan of reconstruction. Under that mortgage rests the labor of the next half century."

Having painted this picture, the speaker comes to what proves to be the gist of his subject, the next Presidential election, and under this head says:

"I have no charge to make against the Administration *for the past—no fault to find with it.* I am going to find fault *only with its philosophy—its reason* of procedure. I am going to allow, if you please, that it wishes the abolition of slavery and the freedom of the negro. I am going to allow *the best disposition of the heart;* all I am going to find fault with is the head!"

Having illustrated what he means by this, the speaker continues:

"The Administration *has never acknowledged the manhood of the negro.* Go to General Banks's department. His whole system of orders from beginning to end has no one element of the recognition of the manhood of the black in it—no one element of contrast. The negro is a serf. No manhood. Now if the proclamation had made a man, then like the laborer at Port Royal, under *Boston influences*, he might make his own contract; *but there is no negro in Louisiana allowed either to make a contract, or choose his residence—NOT ONE!*"

Having finished his demonstration that the government has "never acknowledged the manhood of the negro," the speaker next proceeds to consider its course toward him as a soldier. Under this head he stigmatizes the conduct of the Administration as simply "*infamous*," and for proof refers to the speech of the President at Baltimore upon the Fort Pillow massacre. What Mr. Lincoln said on that occasion is thus reported:

"The President proceeded to say that in his opinion the black soldier should have the same protection as the white soldier, and he should have it. It was an error to say that the government was not acting in the matter. The government has no direct evidence to confirm the reports in existence relative to this massacre, but he himself believed the facts in relation to it to be as stated. When the government shall know the facts from official sources, and they substantiate the reports, retribution will be surely given. What is reported, he thought, would make a clear case. If it is not true, then all such stories are to be considered as false. If proved true, when the matter is thoroughly examined, what shape is to to be given to the retribution? Can we take the man who was captured at Vicksburg and shoot him for the victim of this massacre? If it should happen that it was the act of only one man, what course is to be pursued then? It was a matter requiring careful examination and deliberation, and if it should be substantiated by sufficient evidence, all might rest assured that retribution would be had."

"*I arraign,*" says the orator, "*that speech of the President as the foulest insult to the black race* EVER UTTERED ON THIS CONTINENT"!!

Now, I submit, Mr. Editor, that if those utterances had come from any of the gentlemen from whom I have allowed you to select—not excepting the very ablest and best of them—they would not have commanded the applause with which they were received.

But it will be said: "there is a great deal of truth in these assertions; there is only too much ground for them." That is not the point at issue. The question is, Does this resolution—do these assertions—present a fair statement of the truth? Is not over-statement as much to be guarded against as under-statement? and is any statement warrantable—whatever facts may seem to justify it—that does any one injustice, or that naturally tends to produce a false impression? Have we any more right to "err" on one side of the line of rectitude than on the other?

Now let us go back and reconsider some of these assertions. The resolution affirms that "we see no evidence on the part of the Administration of a purpose to put the freedom of the negro on such a basis as will secure it against every peril."

To this I reply: The best security the Administration can give the negro for the perpetuity of his liberty is the present removal of the chains which hold him in slavery. In this work of removal the Administration is now engaged.

"But," it will be said, "this will not secure his liberty against *every* peril." True. And it is not in the power of this or any other government to *secure* any man's liberty against *every* peril. "Give him a vote," says Mr. Phillips. "Amen, with all my heart," say I, "that is my doctrine." But will that secure his liberty against every peril? Thirty years ago black men voted in the State of Tennessee; to-day some of those very men are trampled under the heel of oppression. Why? Because slavery was maintained in Tennessee. Abolish slavery, and then you put the black man's freedom on the safest possible basis. For, as sure as growth follows birth, will the franchise follow emancipation—the wishes of Mr. Lincoln or any other man to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Phillips says: "I am here to-day to speak only as an Abolitionist." I reply in Mr. Phillips's own language: "You were a man before you were an Abolitionist." And whether you were or not, you are bound here and everywhere to consider not only the interest of the black man, but every interest and every party concerned in this controversy. A complete Abolitionist is a complete man—without prejudice, without partiality.

Mr. Phillips is a scholar, well read in history and philosophy. When he speaks, he fortifies his opinions by facts and illustrations drawn from books found on the shelves of his library. Familiar with the history of the past, he naturally seeks by its light to peer into the future. Holding up his flickering torch, and looking into the darkness before him, he sees, or thinks that he sees, looming up, gigantic forms of unpaid and unpayable debt;* a million of men come back from the camp, half unfitted for the duties of civilized life, thousands upon thousands of idolized officers our only available candidates for office for a century to come, etc., etc., etc.

To this it may be replied, that in a stormy night like this a man can see as well without a lantern as with one. There is danger of taking phantasmagoria for real forms. It is sometimes best to throw away our candle and trust to our natural eyes. This revolution has no parallel in history; the present conjuncture is without a precedent. One man can see as far into the future as another. Mr. Phillips is a ready generalizer, but can he see further into a fog-bank than his neighbors? That's a question. A Boston paper says he can. "Mr. Phillips and Mr. Garrison," said *The Commonwealth*, some time since (I don't quote the words, for I can't put my hand on the paper), "are both able men; but Mr. Phillips is a politician, who looks ahead and sees the dangers that threaten; Mr. Garrison is an optimest, with large hope, fully persuaded that things will some how or other all yet come right."

In a time like this, and at all times, the best conditions for clear sight are a single eye, a sound judgment, normal bodily health, and a fair perch to look from. In all these respects Mr. Garrison is on an equality with Mr. Phillips; and to say this is to derogate nothing from the latter's acknowledged eminence.

"Optimism!" That's the flippant word that is now frequently used to do the business for an opponent's opinion. That's the phrase that is often used to designate the calm confidence of certain men, who, possessing their souls in patience, look into the future without alarm, and cherish at all times the most joyous hope. Well, call this state of mind what you please—it is the gift of God to the soul, and not inconsistent with the highest reason. It is at this moment the very salvation of our country. It is this that nerves the arm of the soldier, assures the mind of the statesman, and strengthens the heart of the people. It is this that enables men, otherwise burdened with the weight of responsibility, to lie down at night in peace and rise up in the morning with joy. *It is faith in the being of God.* The philosophy that is without this faith is folly; the statesmanship that ignores it is not practical. "Optimism" finds its warrant in the Gospel. Your *pessimist*, with his dismal croakings, must look for countenance to a darker dispensation. Your pessimist is an atrabilious seer, who delights in prophecies of evil. He is never entirely comfortable unless he is a little miserable. When he rises to speak, he likes to feel that his message resembles that of Abijah to the wife of Jeroboam: "I am sent to thee with heavy tidings."

But Mr. Phillips is not a pessimist. He paints dark pictures, but he is not a croaker. He is hopeful, happy, and measurably confident. He is one of those who lie down in peace and rise up with joy; but he is afraid to let the people know it, for fear they will take things too easy. He has "faith in God and Democracy," but he can't trust the people without taking an opportunity now and then to scare them.

Mr. Phillips says the time has come for us to say whether Mr. Lincoln shall or shall not be the pilot of our Ship of State for the next four years. In Mr. Phillips's judgment, Mr. Lincoln ought not to be that pilot, but ought to be made to give place to either John C. Fremont or Benjamin F. Butler. What he says, therefore, of the character of Mr. Lincoln is not to be understood as said in an absolute sense, but as in comparison with the characters of these two gentlemen. Now let us hear what he has to say:

"I have no charge to make against the Administration *for the past—no fault* to find with it. I am going to allow *the best dispositions of the heart.* I am going to find fault *only with its philosophy.*"

It seems to me that, in making these concessions, Mr. Phillips has left himself but little ground to stand upon; certainly not enough to justify his violent inculpations of the Administration, or to warrant the risk to the country he seems to countenance of running at this time an independent candidate for the Presidency. When you show me a man at the head of the government, of acknowledged intellectual ability, with the best disposition of the heart, who has piloted the ship through the storms of these last four years in such a way that an opponent says of him—in that respect—"I have no fault to find with him," you have shown me a man who, by these facts, is proved fit for our pilot for the next four years, philosophy or no philosophy.

Mr. Phillips finds his proof of the malignant tendencies of Mr. Lincoln's philosophy in the administration of Gov. Banks in Louisiana, and in the President's Hodges letter. *Non constat.* Both of these records are of doubtful interpretation. I read the Hodges letter differently from Mr. Phillips. My interpretation of the Banks blunders does not make Mr. Lincoln their author. On what principle of interpretation does Mr. Phillips credit "Boston influences" with the "manhood" of the negro in Port Royal, and debit Mr. Lincoln with the abnegation of his manhood in Louisiana? By what rule of description can the joint operations of Dupont, Sherman, Hunter, Saxton, the Philadelphia Port Royal Relief Committee, and the Boston and New York Freedmen's Associations, be justly characterized as "Boston influences," while, at the same time, the Administration measures of Gen. Banks, a Boston man, with a Boston staff, and Massachusetts regiments, are so designated as to imply that they are not "Boston influences"?

Now I happen to know that, in sending Gen. Banks to Louisiana, it was the purpose of the government to give that State the benefit of "Boston influences." Mr. Stanton said to Mr. Sumner, at the time the change was made in New Orleans, "I complied with the President's request, believing him to be one of your first-rate Massachusetts anti slavery men." Now, I don't say that the "manhood" of the negro at Port Royal is not wholly due to "Boston influences,' but I do say that a parity of reasoning would show that the "serfdom" of the negro in Louisiana might, at least in some small measure, be ascribable to "influences" from that famous "hub of the universe."

Mr. Phillips is reminded, as he goes along, by one of Mr. Garrison's resolutions, that "the Attorney-General has found out that the law of Congress has put the black soldier on a level with the white." "Ah! yes," says Mr. Phillips; "but at whose instance did he find it out? I will tell you. At the instance of the Governor of Massachusetts ('Boston influences" again), tireless, indefatigable, incessant in his appeals to protect the men summoned into service under the broad seal of the Commonwealth. And yet if the Administration had had a *heart*"— Take care, Mr. Phillips; you are estopped by your own concessions from any argument in that direction. Mr. Lincoln has not only a "heart," but a "heart with *the best dispositions.*"

But "it was at the instance of Gov. Andrew" that Mr. Lincoln, through his constitutional legal adviser, Mr. Bates, was induced at last to recognize the claims of the black man. Well, what of it? At whose instance, or by whose instrumentality, was Mr. Phillips induced to turn advocate of the black man? Was it by the instrumentality of anyone, or was it by the motions of his own virtue? If the former, then where is his credit for the change? If the latter, why did he not change sooner?

Mr. Phillips said in one of his speeches at New York that Mr. Garrison's editorial article in favor of Lincoln—estimating its value in money—would have been cheaply purchased by the Administration at a million dollars. That is true. And on the other hand it may be said with equal truth that Mr. Phillips's previous speeches in favor of Fremont—supposing that gentleman to have a reasonable prospect of election—were worth to the Fremont party a sum of money not a cent inferior in amount. So that in this respect our two great anti-slavery leaders are even. Both are great, but both are fallible, and, with all their endowments, to neither has been vouchsafed the gift of prophecy. Seven years ago, Mr. Phillips said in New York, "Without a doubt, Kansas will come in a slave State." Some of us said in reply, "Nothing is clearer in the future than that Kansas will come in as a free State." Mr. Phillips's prophecy was not fulfilled.

I cannot do better, perhaps, than close my unreasonably long letter by an extract from the speech here alluded to. It was one of the most beautiful he ever delivered. It and its effect will be readily brought to mind when I state that it was the one in which he said: "I love beyond expression those Boston pavements over which my mother held up my baby footsteps." What I would quote is as follows:

"Three years ago, in the Senate of the United States, your favorite statesman, Seward, accepted the Southern challenge. He said, in words, as near as I can remember, 'Gentlemen of the slave States, come on; there is no avoiding your challenge; I accept it in the name of Liberty; let us fight out the struggle on the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to that side which is stronger in numbers, as it is in right.' The exulting tone in which he accepted that challenge, what have three years said of it? Kansas, beyond all doubt, as I think, will come in as a slave State; and, stronger as we have been in numbers, stronger as we have been in rights, in the language of the old book, 'on the side of the oppressor there is power,' and that power writes its conquest on the virgin soil of Kansas.

"Far west, in Oregon, as we learn from private letters, this very month is to be penned a Constitution, which will undoubtedly be a slave Constitution. Cuba is to be a jewel wrenched from the crown of Spain. If Southern signs are to be trusted, the slave trade is to be revived, and the stigma of illegality and piracy stricken from the statute-book against it."

Take comfort, my desponding friends; our eloquent leader has not the gift of prophecy. Don't be scared at his mountain of debt, his million of demoralized soldiers, and his thousands of military candidates coming home to take civil office. Do your duty, and God will give us the victory. If the Baltimore Convention should choose Abraham Lincoln for its nominee for the Presidency—and I have nothing to say on that point—don't conclude that therefore everything is going to rack and ruin.

M.

* Mr. Phillips, speaking rhetorically, sets down the national debt at—"to-day two thousand million dollars"; the report of the Treasury, speaking statistically, sets it down on the 14th of May as 1,715,259,691.27; nearly three hundred million less than Mr. Phillips's figure. And of the whole national debt, five hundred and eight million, or nearly one third, pays no interest.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 15, 1864.

LITTLE has been thought of in Washington during the past week but the wonderful fighting below Fredericksburg. Little has been talked about but Grant and Lee and their fighting. We are still, at the date of this writing, in the midst of the continuous battle, and it were worse than idle to attempt to sum up results. Some one in my presence asked a military officer, "What do you think of the fighting day before yesterday? Which side got the best of it?" His reply was somewhat tart: "Who cares about the fighting of *day before yesterday? How does the contest stand to-day?* Till we see a *result* it is useless to measure the successes or losses of a day. It is a continuous battle, and it provokes me to hear any one ask if we beat Lee on Tuesday or Wednesday. Wait till the battle ends!" This was sensible, and I propose to take the same course, saying nothing about the fighting till the May campaign has been so far concluded that it is possible to sum up results. Such is not the case now. Nothing *decisive* has occurred yet (when this is written)—nothing that renders it impossible that Grant may yet meet with a great reverse during this present campaign. Such an event is *possible*, but extremely improbable.

The feeling in all loyal circles here has been very hopeful all through the week, even when the news that came up from the army was not of the most encouraging character. The confidence in Grant is almost perfect. He may not be a military genius, but he has that bulldog tenacity of purpose which will make it almost impossible for him to know when he is beaten. This is the feeling here, and it will take many temporary repulses to upset it. The President stands firmly by his favorite general, and while he has exhibited no disposition to elation, yet he is cheerful and hopeful. It is very difficult to be elated with thirty thousand dead and wounded men on our hands, and with several of our best generals killed. We have not seen the end, even of the Spring campaign, and it is far better to wait for comment to a later day.

Congress has made but little progress during the battle week in the public business; the Senate was so indolent or disinclined for business that it adjourned on Thursday evening. Few important measures have been passed, but there is one which the House has agreed to, which is an excellent measure—Mr. Julian's bill giving the confiscated lands in the South to the soldiers and sailors who have served during the war. Such a bill could not have passed one year ago, but the war is driving all our public men to occupy a radical position. There is not one of them (I am alluding to members of the Republican party) who will not stand as far in the van as Mr. Garrison does, and a large number are more radical and revolutionary than he is. There is quite a number of the Republican members of Congress who look upon Mr. Lincoln as a Conservative! They are dissatisfied with his position, and want another standard-bearer for the next Presidential campaign. They assert that Mr. Lincoln does not favor measures which do justice to the colored race—that he hesitates about retaliating upon the enemy for his butcheries of our colored soldiers—in short, that he is timid, and hesitating, and backward, and cold, when the colored race is affected in any shape or manner. The Conservatives stand by Mr. Lincoln closely, and plead his position to justify their own. Senator Foster, in his very able speech the other day, against the proposed repeal of the Fugitive Slave law of 1793, quoted Mr. Lincoln in his support. He is right, without doubt, in his assertion that he stands by the side of the President. Indeed he proves it in the following manner;

"In this connection it may not be improper to read the language employed by President Lincoln in his inaugural address on the 4th of March, 1861. He said:

"'There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions.'

"[Here follows the Fugitive Slave clause, and the President continues:]

"'It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the law-maker is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as to any other. To the proposition then that slaves whose cases come within this clause "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

"'There is some difference of opinion whether this clause shall be enforced by National or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered it can be of little consequence to him or to others by which authority it is done. And should any one in any case be content that his oath shall go unkept on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to *how* it shall be kept?'

"Thus far President Lincoln. He does not seem to have heard of the construction of the Constitution which the Senator (Mr. Sumner) says is the true and just one; indeed the only one which can be adopted without danger of provoking the wrath of the Almighty. Clearly he does not suppose that any man ever found his way into either branch of Congress with the Senator's views of the Constitution, or that such a man could ever take the oath to support it. If there could be anything strange in this connection it would be the fact that the honorable Senator gives the President his powerful influence and support, and proposes to do so, as I understand, at the coming election."

It is certainly rather difficult to support President Lincoln and denounce Senator Foster in the same breath. I propose not to do it, and to be satisfied that the current of events will take Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Foster, Mr. Fessenden, and the entire country, along towards emancipation and the most radical principles. The current is in the right direction, and we can certainly afford to be charitable to those persons who, while they hang back in the anti-slavery war, still justify national emancipation. The radical leaders in the House have carried through every measure they passed to a vote, and the President has not yet vetoed a bill. It is quite possible that he did not like some that he has signed, but, practically, it is all the same. The radical leaders seem to have triumphed.

We have a few villainous negro-haters left yet in Washington. A few days ago, in going to market, I met a somewhat prominent citizen, who openly expressed the hope that the rebels would continue to murder all the colored troops they might catch. I should not have thought anything of this blood-thirsty and cowardly remark but for the fact that the man who uttered it is quite intimate with Mr. Stanton, and he received many favors from him. At one time Mr. Stanton gave him a pass to go to the front when it was refused to many loyal men. I understand, of course, how it was. Mr. Stanton, probably, did not know that the man he was conferring favors upon was such a monster. Without ascertaining his views, simply knowing him as an accomodating neighbor, he treated him with a kindness that attracted the attention of many loyal people here. Yet the man is an opponent of the war, an opponent of the Administration, and a wicked, cruel enemy of the colored race. I should not have alluded to it at all, but for the fact that it is an excellent specimen-case. This is the way in which the President, Mr. Chase, Mr. Blair, and other members of the Administration, have, over and over again, assisted pro slavery men to office. They did not *intend* to bestow patronage upon enemies to the anti-slavery policy of the Administration, but for the sake of friendship, at the recommendation of trusted friends, offices were bestowed upon unworthy persons.

A majority of the old population of Washington is still pro-slavery in sentiment, and some of it is secretly hostile to the government. But the new-comers will soon outnumber the old residents, and when Congress changes the election laws in the District so as to permit all residents to vote after a residence of one year, the City government will fall into the hands of anti-slavery men. A year or two more will accomplish this result. The Senate has been discussing intermittently for a fortnight a proposition to allow colored men to vote in the District. It is an embarassing question. Republican Senators do not like to vote *against* the bill, believing that the colored people should possess the elective franchise, and still not liking to compel the people of Washington to accept a reform which New York, Philadelphia, and nearly all the cities of the country would resist.

AVON.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY AT ITS THIRD DECADE [thirty years from its formation], held in the city of Philadelphia, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863, with an appendix, and a Catalogue of Anti-Slavery Publications in America, from 1750 to 1863. An octavo pamphlet, of 175 pages. Just published, and for sale at the Anti-Slavery offices, 48 Beekman st., New York; 106 North Tenth st., Philadelphia; and 221 Washington st., Boston. Price, *Fifty Cents.* On receipt of this sum, a copy will be sent, postage prepaid, to any given address.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

AFTER having labored ineffectually to defer as far as was in our power the critical moment when the attention of the people must inevitably be fixed upon the selection of a candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the country; after having interrogated our conscience and consulted our duty as citizens; obeying at once the sentiment of a mature conviction and a profound affection for the common country, we feel ourselves impelled on our own responsibility to declare to the People that the time has come for all independent men, jealous of their liberties and of the national greatness, to confer together and unite to resist the swelling invasion of an open, shameless, and unrestrained patronage which threatens to engulf under its destructive wave the rights of the People, the liberty and dignity of the Nation.

Deeply impressed with the conviction that, in a time of revolution, when the public attention is turned exclusively to the success of armies, and is consequently less vigilant of the public liberties, the patronage derived from the organization of an army of a million of men, and an Administration of affairs which seeks to control the remotest parts of the country in favor of its Supreme Chief, constitute a danger seriously threatening to the stability of Republican institutions; we declare that the principle of ONE TERM, which has now acquired nearly the force of law by the consecration of time, ought to be inflexibly adhered to in the approaching elections. We farther declare that we do not recognize in the Baltimore Convention the essential conditions of a truly National Convention. Its proximity to the centre of all the interested influences of the Administration, its distance from the centre of the country, its mode of convocation, the corrupting practices by which it has been and inevitably will be subjected, do not permit the people to assemble there with any expectation of being able to deliberate at full liberty. Convinced as we are, that in presence of the critical circumstances in which the Nation is placed, it is only in the energy and good sense of the People that the general safety can be found; satisfied that the only way to consult it is to indicate a central position to which every one may go without too much expenditure of means and time, and where the assembled People, far from all Administrative influence, may consult freely and deliberate peaceably with the presence of the greatest possible number of men whose known principles guarantee their sincere and enlightened devotion to the rights of the people and to the preservation of the true basis of Republican government; we earnestly invite our Fellow-Citizens to unite at CLEVELAND, Ohio, on Tuesday, the thirty-first of May next, for consultation and concert of action in respect to the approaching Presidential election.

PEOPLE'S PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE.

B. Gratz Brown, Mo.,	F. Muench, Mo.,
Stephen S. Foster, Mass.,	J. Quimby Webster, Maine,
And. Van Antwerp, N. Y.,	W. F. Johnson, Pa.,
Bird B. Chapman, Ohio,	Fried. Kapp, N. Y.,
Ezra C. Andrew, Maine,	Charles E. Moss, Mo.,
Henry A. Clover, Mo.,	Ernest Pruessing, Ill.,
Peter Engelman, Wis.,	Wm. D. Robinson, Maine,
Caspar Butz, Illinois,	John S. Savery, N. Y.,
George Field, N. Y.,	G. Cluseret, N. Y.,
Edward Gilbert, N. Y.,	Emil Pretorius, Mo.,
Thomas R. Ackland, N. Y.,	Nath. P. Sawyer, Pa.,
B. H. Brooks, Cal.,	Ernest Schmidt, Ill.,
Peter Gillen, N. Y.,	Albert Gilbert, Colorado,
Isaac W. Hoff, N. Y.,	James Redpath, Mass.,
Wm. Herries, N. Y.,	Walter H. Shupe, Ohio,
James Hill, Maine,	Wm. H. Smith, Maine,
K. Henizen, Mass.,	P. W. Kenyon, N. Y.,
And. Humbert, Pa.,	James Taussig, Mo.,
S. P. Dinsmore, D. C.,	Ph. Stoppelbien, N. Y.,
J. W. Alden, N. J.,	Samuel Taylor, N. Y.,
L. Siebold, Iowa,	James S. Thomas, Mo.,
Wm. Morris Davis, Pa.,	J. F. Whipple, N. Y.,
E. M. Davis, Pa.,	Theo. Olshausen, Mo.,

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

JUDGE STALLO—*Dear Sir:* Since you asked my judgment as to the course to be taken in nominating a candidate for the Presidency, I have been requested to sign a call for a Convention for that purpose, to meet at Cleveland, in May next.

Let me tell you the national policy I advocate:

Subdue the South as rapidly as possible. The moment territory comes under our flag reconstruct States thus: Confiscate and divide the lands of rebels, extend the right of suffrage broadly

Miscellaneous Department.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

[The following hymn, by Mrs. NEALL (formerly Miss Lloyd), was sung at the dedication of Starr King's Church in San Francisco.]

SOURCE of light and life and power,
Pour thy chrism from above,
That our dedication hour
Be replete with joy and love!
Great Designer of the plan
Poising myriad worlds in space,
Architect, whose thought's wide span
Has no limit man may trace,—
Builder of the earth and sea,
We devote this house to Thee!

In its symmetry of form
We thy beauty symbolize;
In its coloring deep and warm
Thank thee for thy sunset skies.
Type of thy unswerving law
In the arches' strength we trace;
From their flowing curves we draw
Sweet suggestions of thy grace,
Filling us with filial sense
Of thy tender providence.

Yet beneath this cheerful dome
Penetrated by thy light,
Needy children, Lord, we come,
Asking for the inward sight.
Give us here as daily bread
Confidence in all things true;
Let thy name be hallowed
In the Christian work we do.
Bring us to thy kingdom near
In that love which casts out fear.

Lift us on the wings of prayer
Nearer to thy bounteous throne;
Let our anthems fill the air
With a triumph all thine own;
Harmonize us with thy will;
In Christ's truth maintain us free;
From thy copious fountains fill
All our inward thirst for thee.
Then shall this be holy ground,
Where thy Peace shall fold us round.

"UNCLE JOHNSON."

IN MEMORIAM.

THE papers are telling that a few day since the bell in Ypsilanti, Mich., by *one hundred and seventeen strokes*, announced that 'a veritable and venerable ante-Revolutionary relic—a negro by the name of *Harrison*—had passed away.'

We were not there to experience the effects of those strokes, as they told of infancy—then of childhood—then of manhood—then of old age—and then of *more than old age*. But since we have heard of the departure of him whose years were thus marked, he has been much in our thoughts.

We have known him well for several years, and have often interested ecclesiastical meetings, and Sunday school conventions, as well as private circles, by narratives concerning him. Because of these narrations many have visited him, and have easily gained the conviction that he was a wonderful man, especially when remembering that he was a slave *one hundred years*.

His name was Johnson Harrison, the *Harrison*, as he said, being his master's name, and *Johnson* his own. Because of this, he preferred being called 'Uncle Johnson,' and this is the name by which I have been accustomed to speak of him. His first master was an uncle of President Harrison, and lived on James river, Virginia, and belonged to a noted family of that day. (See Appleton's Cyclopedia.) The bell indicating his age should have struck *twice more*, according to his account; for he says that he remembers seeing, in the old family Bible where his master kept the names of his servants and their time of birth, opposite his name 1745. He forgets the month. In confirmation of the great age which such figures would give him, he states that he was a man grown when his master sent him out with others to throw 'fire-balls,' because news had been received that the Declaration of Independence had been signed. He stated also that he was about thirty years old before he was allowed to have a wife; that he lived with his first wife fifty years; then for several years had no wife; and his last wife, who died two years ago, said that she had lived with him twenty-eight years. He also stated repeatedly that he was given his liberty partly because he was more than one hundred years old, and so ought to go free. He loved to talk of Revolutionary times and incidents, and could name and describe many of the distinguished men who were accustomed to call at his master's. Several times when we have doubted his correctness, our doubts have been removed by referring to history. He certainly was a wonderful man as an 'ante-Revolutionary relic.'

But he was still more interesting and wonderful because of his religion. He accounted for his long life in part by saying that he did not work very hard; that for about sixty years his masters used to let him out about six months of each year, 'to blow de Gospel trumpet on de plantations round about, to make de slaves good and 'ligious; an' I tells ye, massa, when I was in my prime—say about eighty—I could blow de old trumpet so dat dey could hear me for miles.' He said that he was 'quite a chunk of a boy afore he hearn much about 'ligion—afore he hearn much about dis glorious Gospel.' (Weeping.) 'Once in 'bout a year one of dem clergy dat com'd over de big water com'd round, and preached up all de funerals ob de slaves dat died sen he com'd afore, and sometimes we feels very bad den.' But after a little there came round, as he said, 'One ob de big men from de college in de Jarseys—and he telled us 'bout de matter werry solemn.' This it would seem was President Davies. 'An' den dare com'd along dat man dat died, an' den com'd to life agin; and he telled de slaves 'bout dat—an' him tell more 'bout Jesus. O what was his name, I don't mind now.' I suggested—*William Tennant?* 'O yes, Massa *Tennant!* Glory to God! I been trying to tink ob dat name now many years. I know'd I would know him in glory; but now I will call him by name jus as soon as I see him.' (Weeping.) 'After I hears him preach, how I did feel! When I was walking on de ground it would keep sayin' *unworthy—unworthy;* when I took a bit of bread, or a cup ob water, dey keep sayin'—*unworthy—unworthy;* when I goes into de field, all de trees keep sayin'—*unworthy—unworthy;* when I went into de yard, all de cattle kneel down afore dey lay down, and I hab neber din dat. O massa, I thought I would die. But bimeby dere com'd along a colored man, who telled me dat des no use o' my libin' dat way; and he telled me ob de passage dat says "Behold de Lamb ob God dat takes away de sins of de world;" an' I goes into de woods, an' all night I cries, O Lamb of God, hab mercy on dis poor colored man; an' O Massa! jus as de light was coming ober de mountains ob ole Virginia, de light o' Jesus shined into dis poor soul; an' fro dat day on—now about a hundred years—I've been tryin' to tell to saints and sinners round, what a dear Saviour I have found.'

Yes, and in his last years he could tell this in many ways: we have never known one whose heart would melt so soon at the mention of the name of Jesus. Not unfrequently in his devotions he would utter that dear name over and over, with tones and tears of gratitude and joy. For most of the time during the day he was alone, his wife, being about sixty years younger than himself, having gone out to work. Thus he seemed to have time and opportunity for communion with his Saviour; and often it did indeed seem as if 'the form of the fourth' was there.

One day when we called after he had been shouting, and singing, and crying for an hour or two, he broke out: 'O Massa, Jesus ha been here, and I tought I was in glory; but I will be dere bimby.'

I said, you mean to be faithful to the end, Uncle Johnson?

'O Massa, I'se bound for de kingdom; I'se not been holding on all dis way to fail jus at the gate.'

I can call to mind many interesting incidents concerning him; but let me mention only a few, which at the same time reveal his strong, shrewd sense and piety.

One day while at work in his garden, singing and shouting, I said: You seem happy to-day. 'Yes, Massa, I'se jus tinking;' (and then his emotions prevented utterance.) 'I'se jus tinking dat ef de crumbs that fall from de Master's table, in dis world, am so good, wat will de GREAT LOAF in glory be! I tells ye, massa, da will be nuff and to spare dere.'

At another time when he seemed very happy and I had heard him shout 'Lord Jesus, will dere be one for me?' I said, You are having a good time to-day? He answered, 'O, massa, I was meditatin about Jesus bein *de Carpenter;* an so he can make mansions for his people in glory.' And then with uplifted face and with tears, he cried out, 'O Jesus, will dar be one for me?'

Once I said to him 'Uncle Johnson, why don't you go to church once in awhile?' He answered, 'Massa, I wants to be dere, but I can't *have.*' 'You can't *behave?*' 'Well, massa, you knows, late years, de flesh be weak; an when de' 'gins to talk and sing about Jesus, I 'gins to fill up, and putty soon I has to holler, and den dey say, "Carry dat man to de door, he 'sturb de meetin'."'

'But you should hold in until you get home.'

'O massa, I can't hold in—I *bust*——I don't holler.'

Once, after hearing him pray and sing at midnight while a thunderstorm was passing, in the morning I said, 'Was that you shouting so last night?' 'Yes, Massa, I spose.' 'Well, I thought the thunder made noise enough without your hallooing.'

He looked up, and with astonishment said: 'Massa, do you tink I's goin to lie dere on my bed like a great pig, when de Lord com'd along shakin de earth and de heavens? No, Massa, when I hears de thun'er coming, I says, "Ellen, Ellen, wake up here, *we's goin to hear from home ag'in.*"'

One morning when I had heard him for an hour or two, I went carefully to his door and saw him sitting at the end of his table, with a humble repast before him, while his hands were lifted high in gratitude and praise. I said, 'You seem happy this morning?' 'O yes, Ellen went away to her work, and so I gets me breakfast and den begins to say grace, an' O, Massa, de Lord am *so good*, seems I neber will be done sayin' grace!' What a rebuke to those who sit down to their loaded tables with no thought of their Benefactor!

Once after he had been ill for a few days, I said, 'Uncle Johnson, I thought your appointed time had about come.' 'O yes, Massa, one day I t'ought I could see de dust ob de chariot coming ober de mountains; an' den something said "Hold on, Johnson, a little longer, I'll come round directly." Yes, and I will hold on, if de Lord will, anoder hundred years, for I'm bound for Canaan.' And then he broke out singing

But this I do find, we two am so jined
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

One day Rev. Dr. H. called on him, with me. After conversation which surely the Doctor will never forget, he said, 'Well, Uncle Johnson, I must go,' and then taking him by the hand, said, 'Good-bye. I shall probably hear soon that you have gone over Jordan, but we will follow on.' The old man replied, 'Yes, Massa, a great many years ago young men like you tell me dat; and den, after a bit, I'd hear dey ha' gone, and I'm a pilgrim yet, but I always manages to send word.' 'Well, if I should die first, what word would you send,' said Dr. H. 'O, Massa, if you get home to glory afore I do (weeping), *tell 'em to keep de table standin'*, for Johnson is holding on his way.'

We dare not attempt to describe the scene we witnessed the evening his wife died; but, a few days after, we said to him, 'Don't you feel very lonely since Ellen left you?' He replied, 'O yes, but de Lord comes round ebery day, jus' as de nuss would, and gives me a taste ob de kingdom wid *de spoon;* but *how I wants to get hold ob de dish!*'

But we will add no more, fearing that our article is already too long. We have not heard of the particulars of his death; but we feel confident that he was ready when the chariot came round, and that 'its wheels rolled in fire' along the same way Elijah rode. As we have marked his manner of life we have often thought that 'One of the old prophets had risen again.' He had the faith of Abraham, the firmness of Daniel, the fire of Isaiah, the tears of Jeremiah, and he fasted and prayed like them all. His Fridays, for more than seventy years, had been rigidly observed as days of fasting and prayer—days in which, as he said, 'I says to de body, "*stand back*, I'se going to feed de soul to-day."' Those, he said, were days in which 'I spreads *de great things* before de Lord and begs.' But his prayers are ended, and to us there is a sadness in such a fact when we remember how often he said 'I *puts up* for you ebery day.'

We feel that a great and good man has fallen in Israel. A great head and a great heart—the one less cultivated than the other—have gone to heaven. Scores of those who have called upon him and marked his peculiarities, will rejoice in the doctrine of heavenly recognitions. G. L. G.

—N. Y. Evangelist.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND THE PURITANS.

In the first place, let the reader take notice that Roger Williams arrived in Boston in February, 1631, and immediately began to broach his objectionable doctrines. Yet he was not exiled until January, 1636, an interval of five years. And meanwhile he was the pastor of a church, he ceaselessly preached and published his heresies, he multiplied around him a body of inflamed adherents. Now religious bigotry, when possessed of power securely to strike and silence its victim, does not usually forbear its vengeance for a period like that, especially if the offender be all the while actively disseminating his adverse counsels. In like manner, Anne Hutchinson, whose doctrines were radical and revolutionary in the extreme, went about venting them freely, and stirring up contention for two good years, before the arm of power was laid in suppression upon her.

Again, Williams was not condemned for heresy. Anne Hutchinson was not condemned for heresy. The Quakers were not condemned for heresy. No legal charge of the kind was brought against them. Nor were they tried in ecclesiastical courts by the ministers of religion. But they were tried before the civil magistrates. And the crimes alleged against them were, that they were breakers of the laws and disturbers of the peace. Was this in any sense a subterfuge? Was religious bigotry really the *animus* of the decision against them? We have already argued that such was the spirit of the age that bigotry required no subterfuge or excuse. The opinions and conduct of all these persons were such that they would have been disciplined in any part of christendom for their vagaries; and the most of them had already run the gauntlet of repressive power in the mother land. Plainly there was no attempt at, because there was no need of, subterfuge.

And were they not in very truth breakers of the laws and disturbers of the peace? First, was not Roger Williams a disturber of the peace? What were the doctrines that he was making loud-mouthed and industrious ado about all the time? We will cite a few of them, pointing out wherein they perilled the peace and existence of the colony. First, he refused to commune with all who would not make proclamation of their repentance for having formerly partaken of the elements with communicants of the Church of England while in the old country—the effect of which, if it had been tolerated by the colonists, would have been to intensify into a yet more truculent malignity the powers at home against whom it was aimed, and who were already ceaselessly plotting to circumvent them and bring them to ruin. Secondly, he taught that the magistrates had no right to punish either idolatry, perjury, blasphemy, or Sabbath-breaking—the effect of which, in that infant community, was to bring all law and government into contempt and neglect. Let it be observed, that three out of these four offences are penal on the statute-books of Massachusetts to-day. Thirdly, he disputed the validity of the king's grant to the colonists, and insisted that they had no title to their lands—the effect of which was to unsettle the tenure of all estates, and excite the king's vengeance by slurring his authority. Once more, he declaimed against the magistracy as possessing no lawful power, which was a stab at the very vitals of all civil government.

Now is not here a list of outrages against the well-being of that infant State, ample enough and objectionable enough to justify the exclusion of their author from its limits? When we consider how feeble it was, and how imperilled—how it was at one and the same moment menaced by savage foes along its borders, and harassed by the envenomed machinations of enemies in the mother land, trembling sometimes on the very verge of destruction, preserved and guided only by the most consummate wisdom—were the fathers to overlook such stabs at its internal peace, such provocations to the hot revenges of external wrath? No: the law of self-preservation, already referred to, demanded the separation of such a firebrand from their midst.

"Yes," we hear some one interpose; "but, after all, he committed no overt offence. He did but exercise his undoubted prerogative of freedom of speech." Ay, his prerogative, "freedom of speech!" A holy, a glorious prerogative is "freedom of speech!" But when in times that try men's souls to very agony—times when the whole fabric of government is reeling and tottering about their heads—times when the present is all confusion and the future impenetrable gloom, and patriotism, already bleeding with wounds, is nerving itself for yet sterner sacrifices that may be demanded by the awful emergency, in times like these, shall malcontents go about industriously traducing its motives, challenging its methods, sneering at its sacrifices, so as to divide public sentiment and paralyze energy, and claim to be protected and countenanced as being in the simple exercise of a consecrated right? Not so thought our Puritan fathers. They said to Roger Williams: "This is a question with us of life and death. If we tolerate you, we expose ourselves to ruin. We wish you no harm. But we cannot—we must not—tamely abandon our political experiment, for which we have already suffered so much. The land is wide. Take with you, if you please, congenial spirits, and carry out somewhere else the notions that are inconsistent here. You must be silent, or go away!" It was thus, moreover, that our revolutionary fathers said to the Tories, "All very well for you to love George the Third better than you love liberty. But the two loves can agree together no better than fire and water, at a time like this. The fire shall burn. You shall not extinguish it. And you must be silent or go away!" The children of these fathers may well profit by their example.

Roger Williams was a man of high principle and of a lovely spirit. And it is a singular fact, that, while the enemies of the Puritans are virulently stigmatizing them for what is termed the "base persecution" he endured, he himself held in the highest honor and regard to the day of his death, and consulted habitually about his most important affairs, on terms of the closest intimacy, the very man [Gov. Winthrop] who was at the head of the Puritan government at the time he was exiled. There has recently fallen into the hands of the honored representative of the Winthrop family a most precious historic treasure, in a large mass of letters and papers, once the property of Gov. Winthrop, and not yet laid open to the public. Among them are no less than sixty letters from Roger Williams to the Governor, written after his settlement at Providence. We have been kindly permitted to transcribe one of them for the purposes of this article, by the gentleman who is arranging them for publication; and its tenor tends very strikingly to vindicate the fame of the Governor and his Puritan compeers.

"MUCH HONORED SIR: The frequent experience of your loving care, ready and open toward me, in what your conscience hath permitted, as also of that excellent spirit of wisdom and prudence wherewith the Father of Lights hath imbued you, has emboldened me to request a word of private advice, with the soonest convenience—if it may be, by this messenger. The condition of myself, and those few families here planting with me, you know full well. We have no patent, nor doth the face of magistracy suit with our present condition. Hitherto, the masters of families have ordinarily met once a fortnight, and consulted about our common peace and planting, and mutual consent hath furnished all matters with speed and peace. Now of late some young men, single persons, of whom we had much need, being admitted to freedom of inhabitation, and promising to be subject to the orders made by consent of the householders, are discontented with their state, and seek the freedom of vote also and equality. Besides, our dangers in the midst of these dens of lions more especially call upon us to be compact in a civil way and power. I have, therefore, thought of propounding to my neighbors a double subscription, concerning which I shall humbly crave your help."

Alas for Roger and his crotchets that had occasioned so much trouble in the Massachusetts Colony! He experienced at last, most forcibly, the truth of the old adage, "circumstances alter cases." What was a perfect and loveable ideal, as antagonized against the Massachusetts government, proved a wretched instrumentality when put in force at Providence. And so we have here our exiled Roger pleading for the help of the officer who had aided to exile him, to construct that civil government for denouncing which, to the peril of the Massachusetts Colony, he had been thrust beyond its limits. His deep-seated respect for Gov. Winthrop, and the tone of his correspondence with him, prove that he did not lay his exile to heart as a wanton injury, but regarded it as having been dictated by a sense of duty. In fine, he was exiled, as well he knew, although he made a great ado about it at first, attributing it to religious persecutions, not because of his religious opinions, but, in Dr. Palfrey's felicitous phrase, because of his "busy disaffection."—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

BEFORE THE DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUECKERT.

At the house of Wealth I have stood and knocked;
They tossed me a penny, the door staid locked.

To the door of Love I hurried then;
Stood there already seventeen men.

At the castle of Honor the porter ne'er stirs:
"Here enter but those who wear golden spurs."

Of Poverty next the cot I sought;
Of pain were the sounds from within I caught.

The abode of Content to find I tried;
No one knew of it, far and wide.

One still, small house I know—one more;
Weary I stand the door before.

Let me knock! true, dwelleth here many a guest;
For many, though, yet this house hath rest.

Cambridge, Mass. L. H.

—Boston Commonwealth.

THE FREEDMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA —REPORT OF THE REGISTER.

Brig.-Gen. R. SAXTON, *Military Governor.*

GENERAL: It is with pleasure that I report the action taken by the Freedmen, pursuant to the suggestions contained in your Circular dated Nov. 3, 1863, which provided for the preëmption and purchase of land by the colored people, in conformity with the President's instructions to the Tax Commissioners.

The announcements of the Circular were enthusiastically received. The season was approaching when it would be necessary to prepare the ground for the next planting. Plantations were not again to be worked at government expense, but the Freedmen to become landholders. A plan which should define at once their respective tracts was earnestly desired, and when it appeared, gratefully appreciated. It determined what was to become of the negroes—a troublesome question to them, and one that, under less trying circumstances, would have annoyed a more intelligent class of people.

Freedmen selected their tracts without delay, and deposited money enough to purchase them, at $1.25 per acre. I received in a single day $1,376, and during ten days succeeding Nov. 10, $4,177.25. The money received was held subject to the further order of the depositor, who might relinquish his claim at will. Yet of the 160 claims recorded, 14 only were withdrawn, and 12 of these because the claimants wished to purchase on other plantations, and at Beaufort.

The people were thoroughly in earnest, glad to become landholders, grateful for the privilege. An accommodating spirit universally prevailed. Claims were correctly arranged and carefully described.

There were preëmpted 2,776 acres. I received from claimants $3,464.25, have returned to claimants $2,051.65, to enable them to complete their purchase with the Tax Commissioners, and there is a balance on hand of $1,412.50, which will be applied in like manner as the surveys progress.

If the negroes had been free from the peculiar influence of professed friends, who believe that the black man should be kept dependent upon the white man, and not become the *independent* farmer, there would have been more land preëmpted.

In February the plan of the Circular was successfully tested. Preëmption lines were made to conform quite easily with the surveyor's lines, and there was no disposition on the part of the people to quarrel about boundaries. When put in possession of the land, they were very grateful and very happy.

On plantations not yet surveyed, the persons who preëmpted have been thus far very successful. For this year, at least, they will work the land they selected. Entire good feeling exists among them, a unanimity of purpose, and a willingness to labor with the hope of a fair reward. The exercise of the preëmption privilege makes them feel a near interest in the soil. They are more cheerful and more industrious.

The Freedmen who desired to purchase at the auction sales which commenced in February deposited $3,890.55.

I gave notice at the sales that the bids which I should make would be in behalf of colored persons who had deposited with me, for the purchase of land, money which they had saved since they escaped from bondage. Yet the Northern white man was a pertinacious bidder against the poor black man, whose very heart was in the soil where he had toiled and suffered.

Only two tracts were obtained for negroes—one of 280 acres, on Wassa Island, for $2,100, another of 190 acres, called "Bolus Point," for $1,250.

The Freedman's bid upon "Bluff Farm" was $2,000; but the white man bought it for $3,025. "Ashdale house-tract" sold for $2,550. The Freedmen bid $2,200. Negroes on Dathaw Island bid $3,100 on a tract of 300 acres where they resided, which was sold to a white for $3,500.

The plantations on Port Royal Island, advertised for sale, the Tax Commissioners determined to lease for one year, at the rate of $2 per acre, for the land to be cultivated. I notified the parties whose money I held of this new plan, and without a moment's hesitation they requested me to obtain leases of three plantations, and to use for that purpose the money they had deposited. Written applications were filed with the Tax Commissioners, who leased to the applicants the following plantations for one year from the 1st of January last:

"William Perryclear" place, leased for	$300
"Otaheito," leased for	200
"Ann and Rose Perryclear" places, leased for	400

The applicants for these leases occupied a peculiar position. They and the people they represented had already selected land on these very plantations, many having preëmpted it, in accordance with the President's instructions of December 30, had prepared and listed the ground, and were ready for planting. On no other plantation in the division was the work more advanced or better performed, and it would have been a painful experience for the negroes if at this juncture the plantations had been sold or leased to strangers.

The following is my statement of account:

Rec'd from claim'ts,	$3,464 25	Returned to claim'ts,	$2,051 75
Rec'd from bidders,	3,890 55	Returned to bidders,	2,153 05
		P'd Com'rs for purch's,	837 50
		P'd Com'rs for leases,	900 00
		Balance on hand,	1,412 50
Total received,	$7,354 80	Total,	$7,354 80

In January last, after the reception of the President's preëmption instructions, I filed with the Tax Commissioners, in behalf of negroes, preëmption claims for 6,000 acres of land. These claims included the tracts already mentioned, selected by claimants on the reserved plantations, and also others, not before preëmpted, upon the plantations not specially reserved for the colored people.

It is a gratifying fact that where the Freedman is established upon a farm of his own he succeeds; that he is happier and more ambitious when permitted to be independent than when retained as a mere laborer for the white man and subject to his will—a servitude to which, in an exaggerated form, he has already been too long exposed.

I am, with great respect, your obd't serv't,
A. P. KETCHUM, Register.

Beaufort, S. C., April 30, 1864.

THE GOVERNMENT FARMS AND FREEDMEN IN VIRGINIA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7th, 1864.

THE government farms on the south side of the Potomac, in connection with Freedman's Village, under the general direction of Col. Elias M. Greene, embrace five confiscated Virginia farms [within seven miles of the river] as follows: Arlington [lately Gen. Lee's estate], upon which Freedman's Village is situated; Camp Todd [lately Lieut. W. B. Hunter's farm]; Camp Rucker [Major Nutt's], near Falls Church; Camp Wadsworth [the Means and Cook places], between Langley and Lewinsville; and Camp Collins [Slade's old place], just above Fort Marcy. In all of these places there are about 1,500 acres of arable land, including 150 acres of meadow. The farms are cultivated by freedmen. This year the crops are to be as follows: 200 acres Winter wheat [looking well and sowed in grass], 200 acres corn, 100 acres oats, 50 acres potatoes, 50 acres cabbage, 25 acres turnips, 25 acres buckwheat, 10 acres melons, 8 acres tomatoes, and large quantities of all kinds of garden vegetables for the use of the contrabands and for the Washington and Georgetown markets.

The number of able-bodied hands employed on the farms is about one hundred. The number of men, women, and children on the farms, including Freedman's Village, is about two thousand. Able-bodied men are paid for working on the farms from eight to ten dollars per month, and are furnished rations and quarters.

The immediate Superintendent of the Freedmen, under the general direction of Col. Greene, is the humane Dr. Nichols. The contrabands, on their arrival at camp, are immediately put in a cleanly condition, and provided with comfortable clothing, rations, and the best quarters that can be assigned them. The Superintendent selects the most intelligent of the young men and women, and details them to duty in the workshops, transferring able-bodied field hands to the farms, sending the children to school, the sick to hospital, and the aged and infirm to the home provided for them. Those able to labor will have the clothing furnished them charged against their earnings.

A book is kept in which the names of each contraband arriving and departing at the camp is registered, with age, sex, condition in life, and former place of residence, the condition of each person on arrival, and the places to which those who leave the village or farms intend to go, and the date of their departure; also, the disease, age, etc., of those who die.

There is a farmer [colored] in charge of each farm, who reports to the Superintendent. All the able-bodied men and women are required to labor each day, either on the farms or in one of the mechanical shops, as their services may be required. The hours of labor are: in Summer, from 7 to 12, and from 1 to 6; in Winter from 7 to 12, and from 1 to 5.

The education and religious interests of the village are under the supervision of the American Tract Society. All the children under 14 are required to attend school during the Winter months. Beside the day schools for children the Superintendent has established an evening school for the benefit of the laborers on the farm and in the mechanical shops. Boys over 16 and girls under 14 are not allowed to attend the day schools while their services are required in the labor department. All the children under 14, and old enough to be benefited by school instruction, are required to attend.

Inmates of the camps who have voluntarily left for service outside are not readmitted without showing to the Superintendent that they have been treated cruelly or unjustly by their employers, or that there is a prospect of their getting cheated out of their wages.

Punishments are of three grades. In slight offenses it is simply a reproof from the officers in charge of the delinquent; in case of idleness or disposition to shrink from labor, uncleanness, etc., deprivation of part of rations, etc.; in greater offenses, such as disobedience of orders, drunkenness, theft, etc., deprivation of privileges, imprisonment in guard-house, etc.

THE "POOR WHITES" OF EAST TENNESSEE.

OBSTINACY OF THE MAN-HOLDERS.

THE following is an extract from a private letter dated

"MURFREESBORO, May 3, 1864.

"It is not always true, '*cœlum non animum.*' I doubt if any one can cross the Ohio river for the first time without being very much changed in all his views. For myself, I find so many things different, and much worse than I had supposed, that the evils of Southern society no longer hold the same relative position in my mind or interest.

"The condition of the blacks is worse than I had imagined; but I never begun to understand the condition of the whites. The generally low standard of knowledge; the intellectual stagnation among even the most advanced; the narrow sphere of thought and conservatism in which my own associates move; the ignorance in the middle classes of the ordinary democratic ideas of progress; the absence of any thought of right to opportunity on the part of those who need it most; the deplorable darkness of the lower whites, are to me evils so new and appalling that I no longer burn with indignation at the wrongs of the negro, without being calmed and sickened by the universal degradation. My Northern blood boils oftener at the contemptuous tone of the privileged classes towards the unprivileged, than at the unquestioned domination of color; and when I see a white man without property, education or hope, I feel that if I could but inspire him with a conviction of his rights, I should be kindling a fire which would burn in him, perhaps, longer than in me. No one who has not seen it can understand the depths of debasement in which the unprivileged whites are steeped. Do not suppose that I am less anti-slavery; the evils of slavery are more apparent and more horrible to me than ever; but, believe me, to-day the white man is the greatest sufferer.

"If you have any influence at Washington use it to promote the amendment of the Constitution—nothing else can save this State. There is but little loyalty here. Regret for the war because unsuccessful, and a wish to return to former avocations in peace, are the most favorable feelings. An earnest desire to retain their slaves, to keep them together until peace returns, and an abiding faith that the State will never consent to the abolition of slavery, are the strongest incentives of the *masters.* They will not hire their slaves themselves; they prefer to sit in solitary destitution. They will not consent to others hiring them; they prefer to see a general embarrassment of all parties, and predict with pleasure the hoped-for failure of the new experiment. They will do nothing recognizing that the negro is entitled to anything.

"The only chance for the State is in the despair which an amendment of the Constitution would produce. Once let them see that slavery is impossible, that no power within or without can reëstablish it—be their negroes ever so willing, or the system ever so beneficial—and the masters will give up the contest in despair. Their children and grandchildren may then become industrious men, and their posterity will raise the State to the proper place to which its natural resources entitle it—but from this generation nothing is to be expected.

"Therefore, if you can do anything to promote the amendment of the Constitution, do so; and your success will, in my opinion, accomplish more for mankind, without regard to color, than any effort in any other direction."—*Eve. Post.*

FAREWELL SOIREE TO THE REV. SELLA MARTIN.—On Monday evening, April 4th, a number of the leading members of the London Emancipation Society assembled at their rooms, 65 Fleet street, to give a parting entertainment to this distinguished advocate of the colored race in America. The chair was taken by William Evans, Esq., the President of the Association, and amongst the leading gentlemen present were the guest of the evening, the Rev. Sella Martin, Professor Newman, the Rev. Dr. Massie, Mr. H. J. Slack, Mr. W. T. Malleson (Treasurer of the Society), Messrs. John Gorrie, C. H. Elt, Richard Moore, and W. Farmer. Letters of apology for absence, but strongly approving of the object of the meeting, were received from P. A. Taylor, Esq., M.P., Benjamin Scott, Esq. (Chamberlain of London), the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, A.M., Monsieur Victor Schoelcher, Edmond Beales, Esq., the Rev. J. C. Galloway, M.A., and Harper Twelvetrees, Esq. The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, expressed his belief that Sella Martin was the most eloquent colored gentleman who had ever visited this country, and that it was impossible to over-estimate the value of the services he had rendered to the United States during his two visits to the British empire. The Committee of the Emancipation Society entertained towards him a feeling, not of mere respect, but of real affection. In the name of the Society, the Chairman begged to present to Mr. Martin a complimentary resolution which had been unanimously passed by the Committee, embodying its feelings on the occasion: "Resolved, that the Committee, in bidding farewell to the Rev. Sella Martin, desires to express its high sense of the services which that gentleman, by his eloquent addresses, both in the metropolis and in many of the principal cities and towns of the empire, has rendered to the cause of his country and his race during the last eighteen months; and, deeply sympathizing with his early sufferings and struggles for liberty, hopes that, on his return to the United States, he may be associated with movements for the elevation of his newly-enfranchised brethren—a work for which they believe him to be eminently qualified, both by his remarkable ability and great experience." The foregoing resolution, beautifully emblazoned, has since been presented to him. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Dr. Massie, Professor Newman, Messrs. Slack, Malleson, Gorrie, Elt, and Moore. Mr. Martin, in reply, referred to the circumstances of his visit to England, and of his being compelled to resign his loved and affectionate church at Bromley-by-Bow. During the last eighteen months he had visited in Great Britain between one and two hundred towns and cities, as well as addressed a large number of private assemblages. His present purpose was to return to America and labor for the elevation of the colored freed men.—*London Daily News.*

IN HEAVEN.

BY ALICE CARY.

THE sweetest, prettiest, and most modest flower
That the warm sunshine ever loved to greet,
Was plucked away in its full-blooming hour,
To make the very air of heaven more sweet.

The whitest, daintiest, tenderest little lamb,
That always from the rough wind shrunk aside,
Strays now where waters and where winds are calm,
And the eternal hills are beautified.

The noblest, loftiest type of womanhood,
With immortals now hath found her place:
I think the very angels must have stood
And wondered at the sweetness of her face.

And I believe that my own soul, set free,
Unerringly through heaven to hers will go;
Because I know she cannot seem to me
Lovelier and purer than she was below!

GARIBALDI TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

PENQUITE, PAR, Cornwall, April 26.

ILLUSTRIOUS cities, highly-reputed corporations, representative bodies from every class of citizens have honored me with countless addresses, to which my heart would have desired, but time is wanting, to answer worthily. I hope, however, to be allowed to partly fulfil my debt by this special farewell of affection and gratitude to all.

On this occasion I cannot, however, speak of myself alone, because I must not interpret the many eloquent and generous words that have been addressed to me as a mere personal honor, which is of little importance beside the greatness of the cause for which in these days the hearts of the English people and mine have throbbed in unison, but as a fresh proof of that sympathizing solicitude that the richest, the most prosperous, and the freest nation of the world nourishes towards another nation, which, twice recognized as the mother of civilization, has, through martyrdom, through persevering struggles, carried on with daring and with wisdom, become worthy of reassuming her place in the world, and proclaiming, "I am risen." For this reason I believe I can reveal the thought of Italy to England, as I believe I may hold up England as an example and a hope to Italy. The two nations are already sisters; they may speak together in sincerity and confidence. In England the institutions of the country, the respect for the laws, all that prodigious contexture of autonomous and yet organized forces, of order true and lawful, not vulgar or violent, combined with absolute individual freedom, freedom of conscience, freedom of domicile, freedom of the press, of speech, and of association; the right of national defence, not the privilege of a special body but recognized to all; an army bright in glory, yet untainted with that disease of modern times known under the sinister name of militarism—the rifle volunteers—England's pride, and my dream; the strength, the decorum, the activity, the perseverance, the perseverance above all by which when once a position or an institution is conquered retreat is never known; all these things, which form the admiration of civilized peoples from afar, and excite an intense desire to emulate, I would almost say to envy, on a nearer view, may and should be proposed as an example to Italy.

For myself, it was impossible to live a few days in this land without doing homage to these many truths, and, still more, without freely recording them to my fellow-countrymen, not so much in testimony of the deep impression England has left on my own mind as for a lesson and incitement to them.

To the English people I have nothing to recall which they do not know. They know what Italy desires. Italy has made up her mind to exist; she has the right to do so, and if any should doubt, suffice, I would add, that she already exists in fact, and that nothing will prevent her completing herself. Italy desires but to break the yokes of the two adverse Powers that oppress her, and—let the world hear it—she can never rest until she shall have accomplished this aim, which is for her a question of life or death.

The English people who would rather disappear under their ocean than allow the sacred soil of their country to be violated by the foreigner, will comprehend how legitimate are the aspirations and how immovable the resolves of my country.

England knows that by disinterestedly cooperating in favor of the destinies of Italy in 1860 she contributed to further establish order and peace in Europe—to that peace and that order which alone are durable and beneficent, because founded on justice and on progress. England will, I am convinced, become more and more conformed in this view—that if it is for Italy to show herself strong, and really to be strong and independent of servile alliances, in order to induce confidence from her true friends—amongst whom the first place is due to England—England herself will see in how much the alliance of a young, civilized, and free nation, like Italy, is preferable to the heterogeneous and insecure connubium with despotic Powers.

Yet I cannot hope—I say it with grief—that Italy will be able to accomplish her destiny without again encountering the direful proof of arms. England's voice is listened to and respected. She is, in a great degree, arbitress of the fate of Europe, but let her be fully persuaded that she can never solve the Italian question, or that of the other nationalities, by any contrivance of compensations and diplomatic exchanges.

But in face of the great principle of the solidarity of peoples, proclaimed and sanctioned by universal conscience, I cannot speak of Italy alone, still less at a time when the omen and the promise of this true holy alliance have been irrevocably confirmed when lately I pressed the hands of proscribed men from every part of Europe.

On quitting this hospitable shore I can no longer conceal the secret wish of my heart—in recommending the cause of oppressed peoples to the most generous and sagacious of nations.

Since their arising is certain and their triumph fated, England will know how to spread over them the powerful shield of her name and to sustain them, if need be, with her strong arm.

England knows that she will not be alone in this great mission. Across the Straits there lives another gigantic people that has been ofttimes impelled by the acts of despotism to be the rival and the enemy of this country, but which freedom will be the means of turning into a peaceful competitor and friend.

Freedom! This is the sun that would fructify the sincere and formidable alliance of the two peoples—of civilization against savagery, and by which, without unsheathing the sword, the great work of the world's peace would be installed. G. GARIBALDI.

THE BALTIMORE SANITARY FAIR.—The great feature of the fair was the New England Kitchen, conducted by Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Brewster, Mrs. Ackley, Mrs. Norris, and Misses Berry, Webb, and Brewer, representing each of the New England States and California. They were the same ladies who carried on the Brooklyn New England Kitchen so successfully. Each lady appeared in costume. The dances, the surprise parties, the apple parings, the quiltings, and all the other doings of the kitchen, were received with crowded houses and hilarity.

The events extraneous to the Fair were the visits of the President and certain of his Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln was well received, but Mr. M. Blair got the cold shoulder. The President's speech drew down immense applause when he spoke of retribution for the Fort Pillow massacre; but when he got to that part of it which promised, not retaliation, but a consideration of the question, his utterance fell dead, and all enthusiasm was quenched after that. He moved about as any other mortal did. Mr. Chase was well received. But Mr. Seward's speech came near being the signal for uproarious dissent. Had he spoken anywhere else but in the New England Kitchen, he would have been hissed. His avowal that he loved his country better than freedom shocked everybody, but his rebuke of the newborn zeal of Maryland for abolition gave greater offense than all that he said beside, offensive as it nearly all was to his hearers.—*Balt. Cor. Tribune.*

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST CHURCH is in session in Philadelphia. From the complexion of the Committee on Slavery, as well as from a passage in the Bishops's address read [and said to have been written] by Bishop Scott of Maryland, there seems to be no doubt but the Church will free herself fully from all connection with the institution of slavery, making slaveholders ineligible to membership in the Church. The passage in the address of the Bishops was as follows. "It is our solemn judgment that none should be admitted to her [the church] fellowship who are either slaveholders or are t